

VOL. VIII. NO. 10. OCTOBER, 1890.

Members of the
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| | CAPITAL. |
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| American Exchange Bank, | \$825,000 |
| Bell & Eyster's Bank, | 100,000 |
| First National Bank, | 1,000,000 |
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THE ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

NORTHWEST

MAGAZINE

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AND

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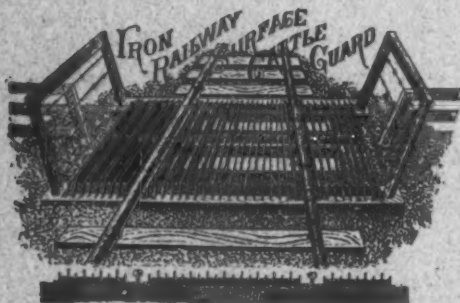
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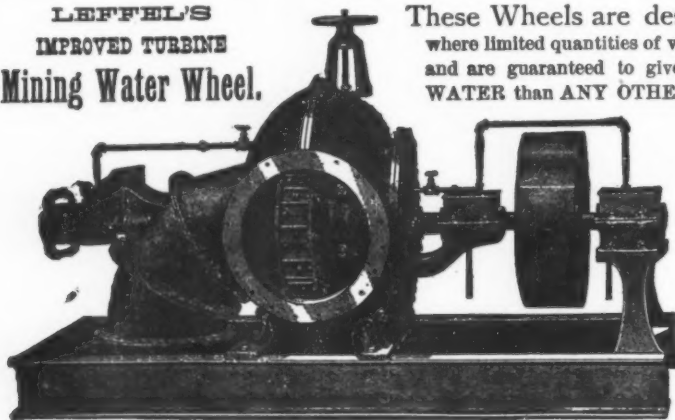
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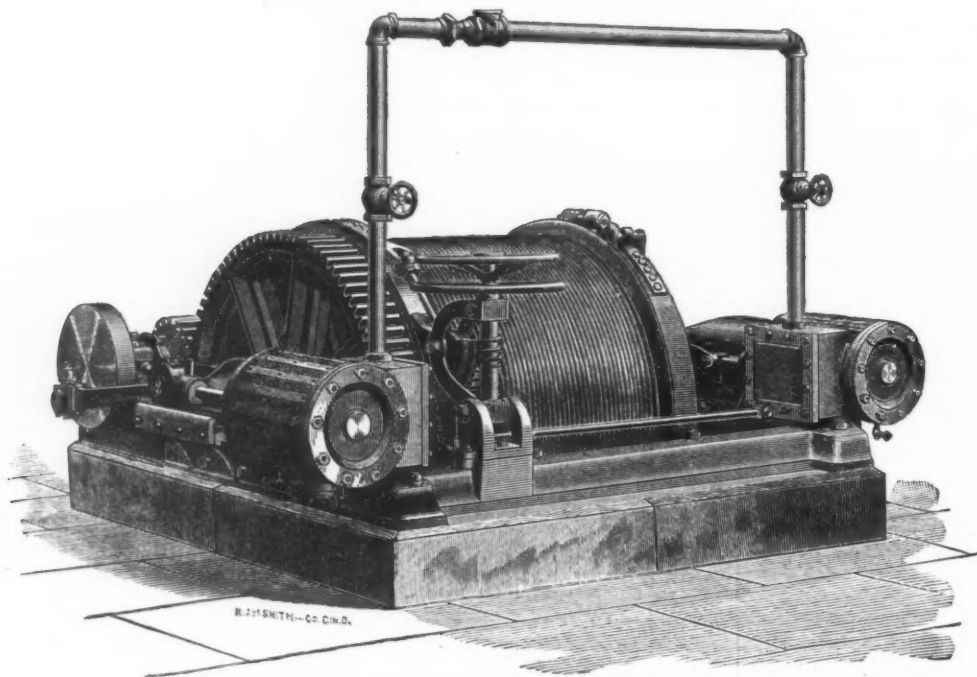
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THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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VOL. VIII.—No. 10.

ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1890.

TERMS: { 20 CENTS PER COPY.
\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OVER THE SISSETON IN SADDLE AND ON BUCKBOARD.

BY WM. S. HORTON.

Away over the hills and across the Dakota prairies for a ten days tramp, in the Sisseton Country! We were to obtain our tent from a haying camp, and the owner of the tent had informed us that the road to the camp was a straight one and only a mile or so out of our way, but kindly gave us numerous directions to find what he said we could not miss. Alas! Do you realize what a straight road over the prairies means? Ah, the woe, the sorrow of it! It means that you are to keep right on until you come to a certain piece of breaking into which the road suddenly vanishes, and which you are to "keeter" across and nearly shake out your daylight, and then, when you reach the other side, you are to hunt for an old trail and when you find it you will go on until you come plump up against a wire fence which you try in vain to go around and finally bring up at the breaking again. And by this time you feel the need of more heads than one and spy a house off on the prairie for which you make a desperate dash, but when you get there no one lives in this house. Oh no; beautifully white-washed and a green vine over the window but stark empty, and then you find there is a road here that leads to another road. We took this road and finally found our tent, and another thing we found—that we had been nearly fifteen miles out of our way.

We had lost so much time that we decided not to stop, at noon for dinner, so on we went till about the middle of the afternoon, when we came to a shanty on the edge of a coulee, where we concluded to lunch and rest our horses. We had taken a horse and buckboard for the tent and provisions and another horse for the saddle—a splendid cowboy-bred mare, born and bred in the wilds of Montana, but kind as a kitten. We drove up to the door and there stood a big rosy-cheeked damsel in all the glory of a blue mother-hubbard, whose face fairly beamed at the sight of a fellow creature. Ah, the bewildering freshness of these prairie flowers! Of course we could come in and use her kitchen and dishes for lunch. So we unpacked our hampers, and when ham and bread and butter were disposed of and we came to apple and cheese, we invited the prairie lass, who had modestly retired to the front room, to join us, and how she did dispense with that pie and cheese and snickered and said one so seldom had a chance to be agreeable on the "peraries." We went into the front room after the meal and expressed our admiration over a lot of peanut owls and then bidding farewell

to our hostess started again on our way and looking back caught a last glimpse of a blue mother-hubbard floating in the breeze.

The day had been long and warm and we were glad when we reached Forman, our first camping place, just as the sun was sinking, fiery red, into a bed of dim blue mists. Supper over, horses picketed, and the last tent-pin driven, we wandered up into the tiresome little dark street of the town to invest in a lantern chimney, but could not find one to fit, so took in a stock of tallow candles. Then back to the tent, and sweet music was the munch, munch, of the horses at the prairie grass, as we fell to dreaming.

Waking early, the Parson hurried to feed the horses while the Artist started coffee and gave a prairie chicken a delicious brown or rather black tone over the fire, and then created an artistic climax with a glass of currant jelly. We had broken camp and were about starting when a succession of

barber and they knew nothing of the Reservation. So in despair we turned to a group of Indians, when instantly between the Artist and a great strapping half-breed there passed a look of recognition and then a hearty grip. They had met three years before at Lake Temaukan and were very ready to renew old acquaintance, and Louis wanted to know if we "was goin to paint more Injuns," and said there was a splendid camping spot on his farm some distance over on the Reserve. This was our man. The blue Sisseton hills were already in sight, and we were to keep straight on the trail that led through the gap. The heat was something fearful—one of those days when the air fairly simmers in the intense white light peculiar to the prairie. The buckboard was overloaded and the Parson's poor little mare covered with foam. But we kept on over one hill and another till we saw some tepees and in among some cottonwood the half breed's house of logs. Fagged



demoniacal howls and yells, and a most unearthly racket greeted our ears from the direction of the town. Well now, here was nothing less than a cowboy raid surely. The Parson looked a bit squeamish but we felt for our guns, and determined to see the fun; for it seemed as though all bedlam had broken loose, started for the street, where imagine our disquiet at finding only a darkey chimney sweep bawling on a housetop. These prairie towns have a way of looking as though they had been dropped from some unknown region in the skies, so unaccountable seems the origin of their being, and going on our way, we wondered how on earth that darkey chimney sweep happened to strike Forman.

We had been directed to the Sisseton country by way of Sprague's Lake, but on reaching Rutland, the last white settlement, we found that there was no timber on the lake and that it would be miles out of our way. We talked to the butcher and then to the

and hungry and longing for a good dinner we went to the door of the hut to find some half dozen swarthy squaws in the big shadowy room, who couldn't or wouldn't speak a word of English, which meant get our own dinner. So we found a delightful camping place in among the trees and beside a diminutive brook that we learned had a queer habit of its own of drying up at nightfall and running again early in the morning. Why it did not "flow on forever" we never knew.

Three days at Louis Marlow's passed most pleasantly. This Louis was an interesting fellow, who had served with Custer in '71, and for years had been a trusted scout, while his wife was the daughter of the great chief Ironwood so conspicuous in the Minnesota massacre. In the evenings Louis would come down, and while the lights and shadows from the camp-fire played in a weird fashion over his swarthy features, tell us the picturesque legends and customs

of the Sioux. When a buck dies all of his squaws crop their hair short fill it with clay and, after the Indian fashion dress in sackcloth and ashes. No widow is allowed a second marriage till the hair grows to the shoulders, when the brother or nearest relative comes and dresses the hair of the squaw and brings her new finery. In the old times those who were to become medicine men were made to undergo the most horrible ordeals. There is a place near Devil's Lake called the Devil's Heart, where they would go and remain entirely exposed during the day to the broiling heat of the sun and stay on through the night, and instances are known where they were found covered with snakes and dead in the morning.

Just before our arrival an old man died—a neighbor of Louis—and following an old custom, his friends all came to eat and smoke over him. The body is placed in the tepee and outside the bucks sit in a ring, in the center of which are placed huge piles of beef and potatoes that disappear with lightning

farms were numerous and all along our way men, women and children were in the fields, while here and there stood glowing in the sun great stacks of yellow grain. Most of the houses are of logs plastered between, but the Government now furnishes them with substantial frame houses that are sent to the Agency already for construction, and a gang of eight men will start out and complete one of these houses inside of fourteen hours. The old houses are nearly all built in two or three parts, with a sort of covered court between, for the accommodation of the separate wives that existed under the old regime, and in front of every house stands the tepee or wigwam, where most of the Summer life is spent.

Just after passing one of the farms we came upon a couple of old squaws digging a grave. One old hag sat upon a pile of earth with a pick while the other was slowly scooping out the dirt with an old tin plate, accompanying each scoopful with various grunts and groans. They are in the habit of sending these old

carpenter shop, so that the training may be thoroughly practical. Beside this, the Presbyterians have a fine lot of mission buildings and are doing good work and there is also an Episcopal mission. The Catholics have long been trying to gain a foothold on the reservation but so far have been unsuccessful. The one great bug-bear is whiskey. If an Indian gets whiskey he becomes a maniac. The traders at the Agency are not allowed to sell cologne, vanilla or other extract to the Indian for fear he will get flying drunk on so apparently harmless a thing as a bottle of peppermint.

We went over to see the old moccasin woman of the tribe who lives near the Agency. Outside the door the kettle was boiling over a fire for the dinner. Even those who have cook stoves (and we found one here) seem to prefer cooking over the primitive camp-fire. We entered the door and found the old woman bending low over her beads and moccasins, while an old blind chief sat cross-legged on the bed puffing at



"IN THE EVENING LOUIS WOULD COME DOWN AND TELL US OF THE PICTURESQUE LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SIOUX."

rapidity. The capacity of some of these bucks is something alarming when they are once started. Louis told us as a fact that one old Indian consumed seventy potatoes, but afterwards passed into a state of semi-consciousness. After the eatables are gone quantities of tobacco and kinikinick are brought, and as the pipe is passed around each one points it, first to earth and then above, indicating the flight of the body and soul.

On the second day, just as we were at dinner, a rather doubtful looking individual of the Assinibolne tribe came across the creek, deliberately squatted down upon one knee and diligently squatted till we were through dinner. The Parson threw him a cigar and after puffing a while he began making signs first for ten cents; and then, seeming to take one of us for a railroad king in disguise, for a pass on the cars and finally wanted us to give him a paper saying that he was a good Indian—the tramp! We had serious doubts as to his saintliness, but thought best to keep him good humored so gave him the paper. Breaking camp at Muddy Creek, we took an early morning start for the Agency. Here the Indian

crones to dig the graves and usually if not watched they will dig the hole about a foot deep and then put in the box, heaping the earth over it and in no time the corners of the box are sticking out and the effect may be imagined.

A short distance from the road to the Agency is a huge rock called the Thunder-bird's Track, from the fact that there is embedded in it a point of a bird's claw about the size of a hand, while a little beyond this is another high knoll called the Thunder-bird's Nest, and the legend is that at one time when the surrounding flat was entirely submerged the bird left its nest and could only find this rock upon which to alight. The Indians on this Reserve have made rapid strides toward civilization. Last year, they requested that the rations be discontinued, and that the Government give them farm machinery and implements instead. And this of itself shows the one great point to be gained with an Indian—a willingness to work. The Government has established a school at the Agency that accommodates some seventy-five pupils and in connection with this are large stock barns, shoe and harness shops and a

long pipe. The old woman paid almost no attention as the Painter got out materials and began a sketch and the chief only moved once in a while to shoo off the flies with a turkey wing. The place was kept lively, however, by no less than forty children and grandchildren hopping around to see what we were up to.

The Sisseton Indians are slowly decreasing in number and whenever one comes across a big broad shouldered fellow, he is almost sure to be a descendant of the Mandans, who at one time were brought captive into the tribe in great numbers, and who show every evidence of having degenerated from a superior race, possibly akin to the Zuni tribes of Mexico. Leaving the Agency, we took the old Fort trail over the hills and into the lovely lake country, passing first Drywood Lake around which many fragments of ancient pottery have been found, and then Buffalo and Bear lakes fairly swarming with ducks and geese and all sorts of game birds. Finally we passed the last Indian farm far on the shores of an alkali lake, and coming to a Norwegian settlement, bade adieu to Sisseton and its Indians.

A BITTER ROOT VALLEY FARM.

Correspondence Missoula, Montana, Gazette.

On Saturday evening the train dropped your correspondent at Victor. Can you imagine a gigantic saw laid on its back, its teeth in the air? If you can, you have the Bitter Root Range. In every crevice between the teeth place a stream that runs down among the stones, marking its course by groves of trees along its banks, until it drops into the river and loses itself. Now Victor is between two of the prettiest of these streams, Sweathouse Creek to the south and Big Creek to the north, and the strip of country between these creeks is composed of some of the finest ranches in the valley. If you have a few minutes to spare quit your office or desk and let us take a stroll down and look at Rae Fulkerson's place, a mile to the north of Victor. Mr. Fulkerson is one of the old-timers, a class of men whose main characteristics seem to be largeness of heart and inflexibility of purpose and whose lives, like the oft-recurring design interwoven through a beautiful fabric, are in-

Then come the small fruit. What do you think of those for currants? Spread open the branches and look in, each limb frilled round with pendants of crimson fruit, row after row. Here are some huge ones, with stalks hung around as if festooned with strings of rubies. Yes, help yourself; I know by experience that you are welcome. Then come rows of black currants and gooseberries. If you taste them you will find they have a flavor like grapes. What big, fuzzy, claret-globes they are, hanging thick and luscious down the stalks! How they crack, smash and melt away in your mouth like delicate confectionery! Here are the crab-apple trees, the branches sweeping the ground with the weight of fruit. This variety of fruit grows easily in the valley and is in great demand.

Here are rows of young trees from Michigan, Idaho and the Geneva nurseries, and here is one young tree that is eager to give us a taste of its quality; it is already hung with a cluster of sixteen yellow apples. The yellow transparent, I think, it is called, and is a variety especially adapted to this valley. Then look at these vegetables. I fancy I see your

those innocent looking things, many a sorrow, many a tear; yet, who wouldn't take the risk? Then here are the nutmeg melons, little but Oh my! And then follow potatoes, onions, rutabagas till you can't rest. So let us hurry away to another part of the ranch.

Here is a clover field that has grown a second crop this year and is almost ready for the mower now. Already twenty tons stand up in huge, fat ricks taken from only five acres. Now let me ask you if you miss anything. "Yes," I hear you say, "the hum of the bees." No farm is complete in all its department without bees, and for a little care what sweet returns they give. These great clover heads scenting the breezes look as if they were wasting their sweetness on the desert air without the busy bee murmuring in their bloom. Yes, by all means, let the Bitter Root rancher get bees. Honey would bring a big price and is a luxury horribly caricatured in the canned article.

What is it about this ranch that charms you? Is it the fine produce, the sleek horses that poke their noses up over the fences at you? Is it the crowd of fat black Berkshires rooting away industriously in



THE MOCCASIN WOMAN AT HOME — [SEE PAGE 4.]

separably linked with the history of Montana. What shall we call them—the Puritans of the West, whose splendid individuality is the nation's portion, and whose lives and deeds are history's priceless heirloom? Well, here we are; two hundred acres on a gentle slope, stretching for a half mile from the mountains to the main road. Was there ever such a favored spot? And the owner knows it, for look at the rows of trees surrounding the place. Let us go up this long avenue of Lombardy poplars shading a drive from the road to the house. Here is one of the three gardens and here at last is a real field of corn, sweet corn, not field corn. How cheerily it rustles around your shoulders as you wander lost in this cane forest of three months' growth; what plump, fat ears stick out from the stalks, each with its tasseled pennant. It is a quarter of a mile long and has had no water because it doesn't need any. Then here is the field of pop-corn, planted some distance away for they will mix if too close. What scenes it brings up, the very word pop-corn! Long winter evenings, an open hearth, a merry group, laughter and fun, flickering shadows dancing on the ceiling and floor.

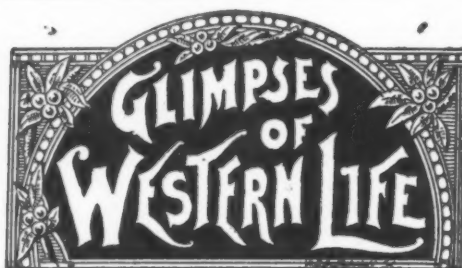
hands go up, your eyes open and an astonished Oh, my! come from your lips.

Here is the romantic pumpkin—gigantic golden spheres that gleam among the branched screen of vines. "No, you needn't try to lift it because you can't do it." Then come squashes, the vegetable of artistic shapes, crooked-necked, flat, round, saucer-shaped, they gracefully repose among the umbrageous vines. Then cucumbers, hidden away among the spreading leaves till they grow and at last expose their nakedness to the keen eye of the rancher who pops them into brine for the market. Cucumbers grow here like weeds, and bring a good price, ten cents a dozen retail or fifteen cents a gallon wholesale.

Now here comes an especially attractive corner in the garden, and that is the melon patch. You may keep your knife in your pocket for they are not quite ripe yet. What whoppers! all unconscious of the cruel fate in store for them they lie ripening in the sun till they are plucked and have their hearts eaten out and the rind pitched away to cause with its cousin, the banana peel, the frequent downfall of many a mortal. Many a future colic is concealed in

the sod, and which pause and thrusting up their noses, snuff a welcome at you, or come trotting to the fence to get fed? Is it the dignified procession of snow-white geese that are sedately wending their way to the creek? Is it the neat home, the convenient, tasty out-buildings, or the air of thrift that pervades everything? Is it the crowd of bright children, unskilled in artfulness, that troop around you as you walk to the house? Yes, it is all these and the spirit of contentment which abides like a benediction over all. And as you go away you carry with you the impress back into your business which will linger in your senses like the perfume of some subtle essence or soothe you midst worry and care like the invisible charm of a mesmerist. Yes, if you have the receptive heart and the seeing eye the beautiful is especially for you and it will abide with you even as the beauty of the daffodils found lasting impress in the heart of Wordsworth:

And when upon my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.



THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN.

I loaf aroun' the deepo jest to see the Pullman scoot,
An' to see the people scamper w'en they hear the ingine
toot;
But w'at makes the most impression on my som'w'at
active brain
Is the careless men who get there jest in time to miss the
train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly cuss
their stars,
An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch the
cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up their
pain:
Var'us kin's er people get there jest in time to miss the
train.

An' there is many deepos an' flag stations 'ithout name,
Along the Grand Trunk Railroad that leads to wealth
and fame.
An' men rush to these deepos as fast as they can fly,
As the Train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.

They rush down to the stations with their hair all stood
on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin' roun'
the bend;
An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some conceal their
pain,
W'en they find thet they have got there jest in time to
miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys an' go a-whirlin' by,
An' float their banners of w'ite smoke like flags of vic-
tory;
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels
grope,
An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Tableland of
Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through
every clime,
But the Cars of Opportunity they go on schedule time,
An' never are their brakes reversed; they won't back up
again,
To take the men who get there jest in time to miss the
train.

—S. W. Foss in *Yankee Blade*.

A Jew Fish.

It would seem that Puget Sound is one grand
aquarium, in which are gathered fish of all species
and of all waters. Nearly every known member of
the finny tribe has in its waters been either hooked
or seined, but when yesterday a monster Jew fish
was nabbed the wonder of Commencement Bay fisher-
men knew no bounds. Igo Vallarino seined this
latest prize yesterday afternoon off Point Defiance.
Vallarino was seining when he felt an awful tug in
his net. He called his companions to his side in the
stern sheets of the boat, but the two could no more
budge that selne than an ant could move an elephant
off his carcass. They pondered over what to do,
whether they had caught the whale that has been
having such a picnic hereabouts of late, or whether
some unknown leviathan had tumbled into their
twine trap. Their cogitations were cut short. In a
moment there was a great convulsion of the waters
and then a wallowing big Jew fish jumped into the
air. Vallarino recognized the species at once, grabbed
a spear and nalled it. It was only after a half an
hour that the monster was subdued, and then he had
towed the boat whale fashion nearly two miles. He
was towed dead to the old cannery, and there the
fishermen jabbered over his carcass for an hour. He
measured nine feet four inches from the tip of his
tail to his Hebraic nose, which gave him his title of
Jew fish, and weighed within ten ounces of 287
pounds. Jew fish have seldom if ever been seen this
far north. They are practically valueless as a food

fish and are the most voracious devourers of small
fish known. Yesterday's capture is said to be the
first on the Sound. Vallarino sold its skin for \$5 to
Taxidermist Fallon, the latter stating that he would
have it stuffed and exhibited.—*Tacoma Globe*.

Indian Playing Cards.

Captain E. W. Kingsbury, of this city, is at home
for a short stay from the San Carlos Indian Reser-
vation, where he is a post trader. The San Carlos
reservation is a valley 100 miles square, situated at
the junction of the San Carlos and Gila rivers in
Arizona. About 5,000 Indians are cared for by the
government on this reservation. As soon as poor Lo
gets his hands on a week's provisions or extra
blanket he sits down on the ground and proceeds to
gamble them away.

"By the way," said Captain Kingsbury, "did you
ever see their playing cards?" and with the remark
he handed out a deck which he said had been made
by Indians. The faces and spots were copied after
the Mexican monte playing cards and were put on
with some bright durable paint. They looked as if
made of mica or possibly thin bone, but Captain
Kingsbury being asked as to the material said: "Well,
you know an Indian makes everything durable, and
you know what a varied use he makes of rawhide."

The listener, who had been gracefully shuffling
the cards, suddenly held them between a finger and
thumb.

"Now, you see," continued Captain Kingsbury,
"horse hide or beef hide would be too thick, and it is
reported that such things are manufactured from the
exterior covering of prisoners—in other words,
tanned white men's skin."—*Kansas City Times*.

The Columbia River Sturgeon Industry.

The sturgeon king, Charles B. Trescott, who has
had a force of from eight to a dozen men fishing for
sturgeon near the lower Cascades since the middle of
April, and who has bought all the sturgeon caught by
the wheels at the Cascades during the season, and has
had the whole in the cold storage warehouse and
frozen, on Sunday shipped the first carload of the
season East. The New York market has been sup-
plied so far from the Delaware, and the season is
now about over there, and, as owing to the mild win-
ter there was but little ice put up, it is very dear.
None of this Delaware fish has been frozen, and now
the Columbia fish is wanted in that market. Mr.
Trescott has had some boats built and will put a lot
of men at work fishing at Astoria. He will also buy
the sturgeon caught by outside fishermen. If his
shipments reaches New York all right, of which he
has no doubt, he will have men at work all winter,
as this is the only place in the country where fishing
can be carried on successfully twelve months in the
year. The roe of the sturgeon is cased and barreled
for shipment to Europe, from where some of it will
doubtless find its way back to this country in tins
with unreadable labels, to furnish the delightful
aromatic sandwiches so prized by beer drinkers.—
Astoria Columbian.

How the Siwash build Canoes.

"While visiting one of the small towns along Puget
Sound" said M. J. Mallet, of Helena, "I was greatly
interested in the way the Siwash Indians build their
canoes. It is really wonderful how these dirty
aborigines can, with the crudest means and with a
few days' work, convert an unwieldy log into a trim
and pretty canoe. One Monday morning I saw a
buck building a large fire at the base of a large cedar
tree, and he told me that this was the first step in
the construction of a canoe that he intended to use
upon the following Saturday. He kept the fire
burning merrily all that day and far into the night,
when a wind came up and completed the downfall of
the monarch of the forest. The next day the buck
arose betimes, and, borrowing a cross-cut saw from a
logger who was absent on a drunk, cut the trunk of
the tree in twain at a point some fifteen feet from
where it had broken off, and then, with a dull

hatchet, he hacked away until the log had assumed
the shape of the desired canoe. In this work he was
helped by his squaw. The old fellow then built a
fire on the upper side of the log, guiding the course
of the fire with daubs of clay, and in due course of
time the interior of the canoe had been burned out.
Half a day's work with the hatchet rendered the
inside smooth and shapely. The canoe was now, I
thought complete, though it appeared to be danger-
ously narrow of beam. This the Indian soon remedied.
He filled the shell two-thirds full of water, and into the
fluid he dropped half a dozen stones that had been
heating in the fire for nearly a day. The water at
once attained a boiling point and so softened the
wood that the buck and the squaw were enabled to
draw out the sides and thus supply the necessary
breadth of beam. Thwarts and slats were then
placed in the canoe and the water and stones thrown
out. When the steamed wood began to cool and con-
tract the thwarts held it back and the sides held the
thwarts, and there the canoe was, complete without
a nail, joint or crevice, for it was made of one piece
of wood. The Siwash did not complete it as soon as
he had promised, but it only took him eight days."

Caught by a Devil Fish.

C. H. Anderson had a thrilling experience with a
devil fish in Commencement Bay last Friday evening,
says the *Tacoma News*. He had been cruising about
in the little steam launch, Daisy, with a pleasure
party, and when opposite the coal bunkers on the
way into port some obstruction blocked the propeller
screw. The boat was given a terrible wrench and
the little screw began to thump, thump, against the
hull of the launch. Imagining that a piece of kelp
had become entangled in the screw, Mr. Anderson,
stopping the engine, calmly rolled up his sleeve and
thrust his arm down at the stern and grasped the
wriggling mass, the outlines of which were only in-
distinctly discernible in the gathering dusk. As he
grasped the slimy mass to loosen it from the screw
he felt a crawling sensation and knew that his arm
was being encircled by some reptile.

Then followed a sensation as of a hundred leeches
sucking, and the strength of a man being exerted to
draw him overboard. Mr. Anderson nerved himself
for a final effort, and the tentacle wrapped about his
arm parted from the body of the monster. As he
drew himself upward, the tentacle relaxed its hold
and fell back into the water.

"I might have held on to it, said Mr. Anderson
this morning, "had I not been more intent in holding
on to my arm."

"How large was it?"

"Only a little one," said he.

"How big is that?" asked the reporter, and Mr.
Anderson indicated the size of the tentacle that had
enwrapped his arm by holding his hand eighteen or
twenty inches apart.

A mass of twenty-nine tentacles, with a body about
the size of a water bucket, would make a very for-
midable monster, notwithstanding his protestations
to the contrary.

The screw of the propeller was wrenched nearly
off the rod by the animal, and its blades show the
abrasions made by thumping the vessel's bottom.
Around Mr. Anderson's arm, in an advancing circle,
are a series of little spots, which on Friday night
were very sore, showing where the suckers of the
tentacles had fastened themselves. Mr. Anderson
supposes his encounter to have been with a devil fish.

A Skagit Romance.

Prior to the completion of the Northern Pacific
Railroad by the inhabitants of the States beyond the
Mississippi, the Puget Sound basin was regarded not
only as a wild and distant corner of their own
country, but as one of the most remote and isolate
regions of the world. This isolation drew to the
shores of the Sound many adventurers who sought
in its wild forests to bury themselves from the
world and society, and shake off from their lives all
records of the past. Among those who came to this

country, says the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, whose past has been the subject of more or less speculation, was a native of the mountainous regions of Kentucky, who made, in coming here, his last move in a checkered and adventurous career, some chapters which have recently been unravelled much to the profit of the scheming individual who discovered the unravelled thread.

This man entered the civil war in a Kentucky regiment of the Union army when a youth about twenty years of age, leaving his young wife at home. During his absence she died, and at the close of the war he returned to Kentucky, married another woman and moved to Indiana. After a few years he tired of this wife, deserted her and returned to Kentucky. He could not resist her family, however, for he left Kentucky with her sister, without obtaining any legal separation from his wife, and took up his abode in a sod house on the scorched plains of West-

Directly opposite from his house two mountain peaks rise abruptly to an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet, their bases sloping down to within a few rods of the river bank. One of them rises to a sharp peak. The other presents a broad timbered slope extending far up from the river, and a deep gorge separates the two summits.

This rude settler was a strong, resolute, iron-willed man, always ready to maintain his rights as he conceived them. He knew and recognized no law but his own rude will. This, however, never led him far beyond the law, for since his residence in Washington he has been, on the whole, a good citizen. But no settler has dared to cross his will. The settlers that have afterward moved into the valley have regarded him as a peculiar character, appearing to them enshrouded in mystery. Whisperings of his former record have reached the valley from time to time, but little of his story ever became known.

might be in it. He returned after a few weeks, absence with the legal wife of the pioneer, who appeared on the scene claiming an interest in the property. Her presence here was concealed from her husband until the proper time. The woman was taken to Mt. Vernon, and a dispatch was sent to Hamilton, summoning her husband to Mt. Vernon on business. Without any anticipation of what it meant he obeyed, and arrived there one week ago last Saturday. He was taken to the hotel and into the room where his deserted wife was awaiting him in the presence of Mr. Alverson and Mr. Joseph McNaught, representing the syndicate who purchased the property.

"Is this your wife?" asked Mr. McNaught.

The rude frontiersman recognized at once the woman from whom he had fled across the continent nearly a quarter of a century ago, but not with the joy that should mark the meeting of husband



SQUAWS DIGGING A GRAVE.—[SEE PAGE 4.]

ern Kansas, then almost uninhabited. After living there many years he made another advance beyond encroaching civilization and came to Puget Sound. There were then many settlements on the Sound, but this immigrant avoided all of these.

The rich Skagit Valley was one of the latest to attract settlers, and at this time was almost uninhabited, except by a few loggers. This frontiersman took up his abode in this valley, going up the river into the wilderness sixty miles beyond any road. He moved his family and household goods up the river in a canoe, and for years this river was his only highway, and his canoe the only means of communication with the world and transportation of supplies. He took up 320 acres of land and built him a cabin on the river. His wife was the only white woman living above Mt. Vernon. His home was at a point on the river where its valley narrows between spurs of the Baker Range and the foot hills of the Cascades.

One morning this rude frontiersman awoke and found himself a rich man. The developments of the Skagit Valley the last few years absorbed a large proportion of the great tide of immigration that has poured into the Puget Sound basin. Coal and iron mines were opened in the mountains across the river, and the town of Hamilton was born on the Kentuckian's ranch. His property became desirable, but buyers were afraid of it. It was whispered that the title was clouded. A syndicate, however, was formed last June, and this pioneer parted with a portion of his ranch, and received \$60,000 in gold, more money than ever circulated in the backwoods district where his youth was passed, where a thousand dollars was a fortune.

After the sale was made, Mr. C. Alverson, a real estate dealer, who had an inkling of our hero's matrimonial exploits in the States, made a voyage of discovery to Kentucky, with a view to whatever there

and wife after so long and so wide a separation.

He had been asked when he conveyed his property if there was any truth in the rumor that he had another wife living in the States, and he denied it. He was now confronted with the man to whom he sold his land, guaranteeing to warrant and defend the title forever, and by his former wife, with a legal interest in the property. There remains but little to be told. In about fifteen minutes after the meeting the husband put up \$12,500 on his part, and the wife on her part voluntarily joined her husband in a conveyance of all his property.

It is said that Alverson receives the lion's share of the "blood money." In this selfish age, when it behooves a man to rustle for himself, a real estate dealer could not be expected to make a trip to Kentucky actuated solely by a desire to restore to her rights a simple old lady whom he had never seen or heard of before.

A FRENCH WRITER IN THE WEST.

Paul de Rousiers is writing for a Paris monthly called *La Science Sociale* a series of thoughtful "Lettres d'Amerique," which contain interesting studies of life in the new States of the West. He visited Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota during his western trip, and while in St. Paul last May he wrote a letter on the preponderance of emigrants from the North of Europe in the population of our prairie communities. We translate the following extracts:

The genuine American, he who gives to the United States the magnificent development of the present day and who assures their future prosperity, is the result of selection and this selection goes on in the old world as well as on the new continent. America is constantly taking from certain parts of Europe the elements of population necessary to her life and is constantly sending back to our cities those who no longer respond to her needs. As soon as we penetrate to the prairies of Kansas this fact is evident. There are two distinct classes of farmers, the first composed of all those who have their looks still turned towards the Atlantic and towards the "Old Country;" the second comprising the real settlers—those who are attached to the soil which nourishes them. The first are Americans only in name. A series of good harvests, swelling the figures of their bank accounts; a lucky speculation in town lots; a boom which suddenly increases the value of their lands and enables them to sell out to advantage, is sufficient to cause them to recross the ocean. What keeps them here is solely the consideration that the land brings here an interest on its cost much higher than in Europe and that, consequently, to sell and buy there would be a bad speculation. Their patriotism is a simple matter of calculation.

The second class, on the contrary—and it is much the more numerous—frankly declare that they are here to live and die. The idea of returning to Europe, except for a trip, appears to them so absurd that they look at you with amazement when you suggest it. The other day, speaking with a Dane who came to Kansas a dozen years ago with no capital whatever and who is to-day the proprietor of 600 acres of land, I ventured to inquire if the desire to go back to his native country, now he had made a fortune, did not sometimes make itself strongly felt. No doubt the worthy man took me for a silly sort of a person, for he burst out laughing and replied, "Are you a fool, or are you joking?"

Now if you want to know the reason of this difference I will tell you. The colonists of the first class are those who accept only under protest the simple, laborious and isolated life of the American farms; those of the second class are those whom the charms of this life of independence more than compensate for its inconveniences. I imagine that save for the influence of the women the second of these types would soon become the only one; but women have always counted for a great deal in human affairs and an isolated life weighs heavily upon them. The husband, occupied all the day with his farm work or the care of his animals, is contented to find, when the evening comes, a good supper and a well-warmed house. He does not ask for amusements and he goes to bed with a light heart provided the crops are looking well and the price of cattle is satisfactory. The wife is by no means without occupation on the American farm; most of the time, even in households that are in comfortable circumstances, the care of the house falls entirely to her charge; the poultry yard and the vegetable garden also demand her time; and if she has children she runs no risk of suffering from idleness; only her tongue stands still and this condition is chronic, for the neighbors are far off, busy as she, and often of a different nationality; so there are few opportunities for gossip and chat. Whether she will or not, she must be deprived of those good and long conversations by the fireside, while the knitting is going on or while she mends the trousers of her husband and tears in pieces her dear friends in the neighborhood.

Now, according to the natural disposition of a woman nothing is to her as odious, or nothing is to her as indispensable, as tittle-tattle. This is seen in all grades of society, in the village as well as in the big city, and in the court, in countries where there is still a court. Let us fancy a woman of Tarascon, or a young society lady of Paris, or a *grande dame* of the court of Austria, obliged to live on an isolated farm in Dakota. She would be unhappy—very unhappy. Nevertheless I have met, on modest homesteads of 160 acres, and on big domains of 5,000 acres, Scandinavian and American women, and even a Parisian, but one who had been educated seriously, who were perfectly happy and who preserved in the midst of the isolation in which they lived, their natural good humor.

I may even say that one can find women on Western ranches who are as distinguished in their manners and a thousand times better informed and more interesting than the most part of the women of Europe. About two weeks ago I passed an entire day on a large farm in Nebraska where five or six thousand head of cattle are fattened for market every year. The proprietor has built his dwelling in the center of his lands for convenience in superintending his affairs, and you may well believe that the neighbors are not troublesome. Nevertheless, when the dinner hour arrived, and we were presented to Mrs. X., we found ourselves in the presence of the most agreeable person that you can imagine. We talked of a thousand things—of Europe, which she had visited, of French literature, with which she had for an American a surprisingly extensive acquaintance, of Texas and Wyoming, where she had lived many years in an isolation more complete than in her present home; in short we tasted all the delights that an educated and highly intelligent woman knows how to give to her conversation. Not a word of scandal or gossip was spoken. When a woman knows how to accommodate herself to life in Texas, on the borders of the Indian Territory, it is evident that she has not the habit of greatly interesting herself in the doings and sayings of her neighbors.

There is one essential condition for permanent, successful settlement on the Western plains, and this condition is for the settlers to be fitted in advance for family life in simple households on isolated rural domains. This is why one finds in the Far West scarcely any element of population besides the native-born Americans, North Germans and Scandinavians, accustomed for a long time to this mode of living. The French and the Irish remain in the cities—the French in the cities of France and the Irish in the American cities. How many times have I heard this remark—"Oh, the Irish are much too sociable to be willing to lose themselves in the middle of a prairie." Indeed, they are sociable. They love gatherings of their own sort of people; gay chat over a bottle of whisky; songs and reunions of all kinds. They shine on such occasions by their lively and ardent wit; but solitude weighs heavily upon them and on their wives and they fly from it. They take with them, in leaving their country, the virtues and the faults inherent in their social life.

Now if you are willing to admit, what I have not the time to demonstrate here, that the cities of the West, such as Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and even Chicago, owe their origin and their prosperity to the people of the surrounding country, and if, on the other hand, you take account of the fact that the cities of the East, whether they live by commerce, like New York, or develop to a marvelous extent their industries, as is the case with Philadelphia and Pittsburg, can only grow by constant increase of the trade demands upon them from the settlement of the West, you can arrive at only one conclusion, namely, that the true wealth of the United States is in the lands of the West, and that consequently, the first creators of this great power, the true founders of this new race, the genuine Americans, are precisely the colonists most capable of giving value to these lands.

M. de Rousiers finds that the extraordinary develop-

ment of America is due to the predominance of emigrants from the north of Europe, among whom the idea of a stable family life is deeply rooted. Discussing the solidarity of the American family he says:

This stability is manifested by two indications, first, the aptitude for living in separate households on isolated rural domains; and second, by the manner in which the young people establish themselves. Here they do not count upon the fortunes of their parents, but make early arrangements to earn money for themselves in one way or another. The young man lives on his own resources and when these resources are sufficient to support a family he marries and has children who recommence the same operation. A young Englishman, a young Scandinavian and a young American have similar ideas on this point, and these ideas are radically different from those of a young Frenchman, a young Spaniard or a young Italian.

So far so good; but here comes a difficulty with my theory—in the transmission of property by inheritance. An American has no conception of our European idea of landed property as the basis of the stable family. If the home is sold and the lands divided, what becomes of the permanence of the family? we ask. For some time I ran against this objection and was stopped short in my theorizing. You must acknowledge that it has weight. When I saw a house moving—for here the houses occasionally promenade the streets to change their location; when some one said to me—"I was born in Pennsylvania; I went first to Wisconsin and then to Dakota; my father now lives in Kansas;" I was tempted to abandon my hypothesis of the stable family and write in big letters on my note book—"decidedly, the American family has no stability." But the next day, or soon after other facts would come to my notice proclaiming a permanency in American family life which contradicted the notion of instability. One evening, for example, I arrived at the house of a young woman to whom I had been recommended. We conversed a few moments and she told me that her husband had been very busy for some months because of the necessity of dissolving partnership with a negligent and dishonest associate. The business had gone on badly and he had lost a large sum of money, but, added his wife, "he has learned his lesson, and this trouble has given him as much experience as sixty years." Do you not find this way of taking a reverse of fortune very admirable? Remark, too, that the young wife of whom I speak was no heroine of romance or exceptional character, but only a typical American, who looks on life as a struggle and esteems a loss of money as well compensated by the experience acquired; money and experience being equally useful in carrying on the struggle. Compare this, I beg you, with the lamentations and recriminations that would not fail to be heard in a parallel case in ninety-nine French families out of one-hundred. These lamentations and recriminations are quite natural with us; they result from the education we have all received. French fathers and mothers are constantly pursuing, and often with rare energy, the solution of this impossible problem—"Given, that man must earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, how to constitute a family in such fashion that its members shall be exempted from this necessity." In pursuit of this dream they multiply economies and systematically limit the number of their children; but Providence, mocking their vain efforts, destroys by unexpected events the most laborious and prudent calculations. Then what deception and what a fall!

The reflexions and comparisons which a multitude of minor facts suggest every moment when one travels in America, led me steadily to the hypothesis of the stable family, but all the time other facts, apparently of a contradictory character, revived the same objections. There was a sort of continual obsession in my mind, all the more tyrannical from the intensity of the contradictory phenomena which so balanced each other as to produce an equilibrium. The further I went West the more energy I saw

among the farmers and at the same time the more instability. In Oklahoma, while going on horseback through the settlements which surrounded the young city of Guthrie, I perceived an old woman seated in front of a miserable hovel constructed of blocks of turf. I advanced to speak with her, thinking that no formal introduction would be needed to open an acquaintance in Oklahoma. This old woman came from Ohio and had migrated with her family to the frontier of the Indian Territory, when the new colony was opened, for the purpose of obtaining the 160 acres of land that surrounded her poor dwelling. I could not help feeling a sentiment of admiration for her, in looking at her wrinkled face, thinking of the fatigues of the long journey by wagon which she had made and examining the primitive cabin where the rains of heaven entered as though they were at home. I said to myself, a rare energy was surely required for undertaking such an enterprise. But suddenly the idea came to me that this family had no home; that if I had taken a few dollars from my pocket and bought her claim, the old woman would have loaded her bed, her stove and her frying pan in her wagon, harnessed her horses and gone in search of a new location, followed by the few domestic animals which she possessed. Is this, then, a stable family?

Nevertheless it was in these examples of extreme instability that I finally found the explanation which I sought. I remembered that the Northmen, plowing the seas in the first centuries of the Middle Ages, seeking new lands, did not offer the spectacle of a race definitely established; yet they carried with them everything necessary to constitute the permanent family of to-day with all its characteristics. The Americans of former times were not fixed and could not be. They had before them in which to choose homes, not the shores of the sea, but the immensity of a virgin and vacant continent. Hence they pushed ever forward, seeking more fertile lands and better opportunities. How could they think of transmitting to one of their children a piece of land which they themselves had not decided to retain? And, on the other hand, what consideration will prevent them from preserving intact the homestead when the state of population in America will have definitely attached them to it? Will they feel obliged to divide it to give a portion to each of their children, they who have brought up their children to look out for themselves? What characterizes the instable family is that each of its members lives on the remains of the former generation. In each generation a general liquidation must take place in one form or another. The contrary is the characteristic of the American family, every member of which makes a situation in life for himself, without troubling himself to learn whether or not he has something to expect from his parents. This is not only not the same type, but it is a type absolutely different—only it is a type still in the formative period, possessing qualities which assure its further development but which has not yet attained the last degree of its evolution.

In other words it is the abundance of disposable soil which here opposes the custom of the integral transmission of landed property. From this point of view the Americans are spoiled children. As soon as a tract of ground needs more complicated care, when its fertility diminishes in consequence of the barbarous treatment it has received at their hands, they leave it and go to some part of the West to look for an entirely new soil. In Virginia and Pennsylvania I have seen excellent lands almost abandoned; yet the President every year opens to settlement some new Indian reservation and the emigrants rush to it. In studying the American character one discovers a multitude of traits that result from this great abundance of land. It produces in all branches of business an astonishing ease of establishment and in the use of all articles amazing habits of wastefulness. With what an American throws away an Auvergnat would make a fortune. In matters of economy the native Americans are very much inferior to the emigrants from the north of Europe and especially to the Germans and the Scandinavians, who often

establish themselves and prosper on land that the American thinks will not pay to cultivate. One of our economical, steady French peasants could live very much at his ease on such land, if he were capable of leaving his country. I saw near Kansas City a gardener from the Department of Gard, who arrived in America without a cent in his pocket six years ago and who now finds himself in possession of a very pretty property. Such examples are rare, I am sorry to say, and it is to the northern races, that formerly composed feudal Europe, that the United States owe to-day their best emigrants.

One fact is curious. Among these northern races there is but one which sends out its colonists provided with capital and with a superior education—the English race. It is to the colonists of that nation, or to the native Americans, that belong the blooded animals used to improve the breeds of cattle and horses; they bring money with them and start enterprises of magnitude. When an American has something that he wants to sell for a good price he looks about for a young Englishman. I believe that the predominance of the English language in the West is due to nothing else than the superiority of the elements of population which are furnished by England, Scotland and the New England States. It is remarkable how the Germans, who are extremely numerous in certain localities—150,000, for example, in Cincinnati—are promptly absorbed and assimilated, in spite of their separatist tendencies. In the second generation the children do not speak the language.

THE LOWER PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

From Seattle we continued our journey down the Sound to a little town called LaConner, about 100 miles above Tacoma. The place occupies a little rocky eminence at the water front, but back, above and below this is the richest flat of about four sections we ever saw. Our interest in this place was principally because it is the home of Wm. Armstrong who spent his boyhood days in Banks Township where the writer was raised.

Wm. Armstrong and wife came to LaConner eighteen years ago with just \$7 in his pocket—and nothing else. He and his wife went to work for wages—good wages too—till, eight years ago, they had accumulated enough to buy a 160 acre "ranch" for which they paid \$4,000. Two years ago he bought another farm of 200 acres for which he paid \$15,000. This makes him 360 in one body, divided simply by a fine public road. He can take \$55,000 for it any day, a price of \$150 per acre. This includes eighty acres of high timber land worth only a few dollars per acre, and by leaving the timber out he could take \$200 per acre for the remaining 280 acres. You wonder at these prices for land, but figure up the income on the same. Mr. Armstrong's land has been cropped fifteen years without rest or fertilizer; yet this year's crops (oats) will be from 80 to 120 bushels per acre. Last year he sold off the place produce (white oats mostly) to the amount of \$7,390, and he had \$7,000 clean cash to show for the labor of himself, wife and son, after paying all expenses. Now figure the interest on \$55,000 at six per cent. and see which is the better investment. His income this year will be even better than last. He raises fine Clyde horses as well as good oats. He gets \$300 apiece for them. Mr. Armstrong is to-day worth \$60,000 clean cash. Following are some of the prices that farmers get for their produce: eggs, 25 cents per dozen; chickens, 50 cents each; potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel; plums, 4 cents per pound; apples, 80 cents per bushel; pears, \$1.00; oats \$25 to \$32 per ton, which would be 40 to 51 cents per Iowa bushel. They do not pretend to raise wheat, easily grown, but of the soft variety. Oats go from 80 to 150 bushels per acre, 100 bushels being below the average.

The rich bottom land is just like peat, will burn, and remains loose and spongy. It is protected from the tide by dykes, and a safe dyke means a sure crop. This peat formation is twenty miles long on the coast and from forty rods to two miles wide. It is won-

derful land almost unlimited in productive qualities.

The Sound country is a great country. We can not say we like the Summer climate. It is too cool to suit us. Our overcoat was our inseparable companion. The inhabitants say it is scarcely any colder during Winter. Everybody wears woolen under-clothing the year round. They all speak in the highest terms of the climate. There is no snow there of any consequence, no rain in haying and harvest, and never lightning nor cyclones. Graveyards are almost unknown and are consigned to land not fit for oats or fruit. Everybody brags on the climate and every farmer we have talked with, and they are many, claims he makes a living in the Sound country the easiest of any place he was ever in. Not a man have we yet seen dissatisfied with his lot.—*Editorial Correspondence of Summer, Iowa, Gazette.*

ICELANDERS IN MANITOBA.

Socially and politically the Icelanders make excellent citizens. They seem to imbibe the spirit of our institutions more readily than any other foreigners. They acquire the language of the country and become enthusiastic and loyal citizens. They do not make a great noise and agitate for special privileges for their nationality, such as is the case with some other settlers. They accept our institutions and our laws as they are, and go quietly to work to improve their own condition on their arrival here. They want only fair treatment as citizens of the country, and no favors. They are good citizens because they are honest, sober and industrious, and because they endeavor to make themselves citizens of the country in the fullest sense of the word, and not foreigners residing among us. Manitoba would be the better off having hundreds of thousands of such citizens instead of 10,000.

The Icelanders of Manitoba have shown themselves a progressive people, quite worthy of citizenship in this progressive country. Though they have had many disadvantages to labor under, coming here poor and unacquainted with the language and customs of the country, they have as a rule done well. There are now one monthly and two weekly papers published in Winnipeg in their language. They are all well educated in their own language and are rapidly becoming the same in English. They are now founding an institution of learning in Winnipeg, which will be the first Lutheran institution of the kind in Canada.—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN."

Figures concerning the cost and profit of wheat raising in the great Northwest, which were presented in *The Press* yesterday in correspondence from St. Paul, bring forcibly to mind Horace Greeley's ancient but still timely advice, "Go West, young man." Some further facts to sustain that advice are presented from the same pen to-day. When half the land of Minnesota is still uncultivated, can be bought for \$5 to \$10 an acre and will produce from sixteen to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre, selling at a dollar a bushel, it may well be wondered why any young man with a taste for agricultural pursuits hesitates about where he should go to locate a home. Minnesota is representative of the great belt of Western States from Kansas to the Canada line. There may be a young man who reads *The Press* who will inquire: "But where am I to get the \$5 or \$10 an acre?" If he will go West next Summer in the harvest season he will find ready employment at \$1.75 to \$2 a day and board—good square meals three times a day—and if he proves industrious, sober and frugal, secures the good will and commendation of his employer, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he can get land the next year to work on shares, and from that to ownership is only a step. The young man who wants to be his own master, to be an independent and sovereign citizen, with a roof over his head and a threshold where he is king, instead of being a wage earner and a day by day toiler to the end of his life, can do no better than to "go West" and grow up with the country.—*New York Press.*



I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

After the toil and turmoil,
And the anguish of trust belied
After the burden of weary cares,
Baffled longings, ungranted prayers;
After the passion, and fever, and fret,
After the aching of vain regret,
After the hurry and heat of strife,
The yearning and tossing that men call "life;"
Faith that mocks, and fair hopes denies,
I shall be satisfied.

When the golden bowl is broken
At the sunny fountain side;
When the turf lies green and cold above
Wrong, and sorrow, and loss, and love;
When the great dumb walls of silence stand
At the doors of the undiscovered land;
When all we have left in our olden place
Is an empty chair and a pictured face;
When the prayer is prayed, and the sigh is sighed,
I shall be satisfied.

The Influence of Telegraph on Diction.

Somewhere I read long ago that the evergrowing practice of telegraphing was undermining the grammar and the literature of America. Though I believe that the literature of America, especially of the United States, is but just begun—barring, of course, some notable instances in the earlier history of our country, I candidly confess that in the very nature of the brevity of the telegrams there is something which tells against pure diction and sound grammar. I was in receipt only last week of a letter from a well-known editorial writer on a New York newspaper. The language of telegraphy was as easily discerned as though the epistle had been written on a Western Union blank. "Yours received," "will write again," "am not sure of phraseology," "Huxley mentions same," are some of the expressions this well-trained writer allowed to slip from his pen.—*Jewish Tidings.*

Cat's Eyes.

The cat's-eye is so called because when cut it displays a peculiar floating lustre, resembling the contracted pupil of a cat's eye when held to the light. This appearance is supposed to be caused by the presence of small parallel fibres of asbestos. The finest specimens of the stones come from Ceylon and Malabar. The largest known is in the Beresford Hope collection, South Kensington Museum. It formerly belonged to the King of Candy. It is hemispherical, one and one-half inches in diameter. Cat's-eyes are very highly esteemed by modern Moors and Hindoos, and are frequently worn as an amulet. They are supposed to act as a charm against witchcraft, and to possess the virtue of enriching the wearer. The chemical composition of cat's-eye is 80.2 alumina, 19.8 glucina, with slight traces of protoxide of iron and oxides of lead and copper, according to the locality where it is found.

In America the Woman is Boss.

Club life is unknown in France, says Max O'Reil, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together, and is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as France. In England (and here again I speak of the masses only) the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attention of all sorts; but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of women in France, in England, in America? Go to a hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining room. In France you will see

them arrive together, walk abreast toward the seat assigned to them, very often arm in arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife, with her eyes cast down. In America, behold the dignified, nay, majestic, entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a queen going towards her throne, and Jonathan behind.

Coffee a Disinfectant.

It has for a long time been thought, says the *London Grocer*, that ground coffee possessed antiseptic or disinfectant properties. During some experiments upon the food value of coffee recently undertaken by Ludevitz, which were reported in the *Pharmaceutische Centralblatt*, this chemist found that bacteria were retarded in their development in nutritive gelatine by relatively small quantities of an aqueous infusion of coffee. Bacteria, as doubtless every one knows, play an important part in the phenomena of putrefaction. The caffeine contained in the coffee appeared to be the ingredient which is thus specially active in retarding bacteria growth; but in making experiments with pure caffeine upon infusions containing various species of bacterium, it was observed that its action was quite inconsiderable. It is rather to the empyreumatic substances formed during the roasting of the coffee-berries that the antibacterial action of ground coffee must be attributed. In connection with these results we may recall a fact which has long been known, namely, that when fresh raw meat is dusted over with ground coffee it can be dried without the least sign of becoming putrid.

Character in the Moustache.

There is a great deal of character in the moustache. As the form of the upper lip and in the regions about it has largely to deal with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity, and other qualities that give self-control, the moustache is more particularly connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse. When the moustache is ragged, and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self-control. When it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curl turns upward there is geniality, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom. The reverse quality is indicated by the common portraits of Shakespeare, who was as much noted for cheerfulness and geniality in life as those qualities are manifested in his writings. It is worthy of remark that good-natured men will, in playing with the moustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained and morose men will put it obliquely downward.

What is an Orchid?

All orchids are not "air plants," so called. Our native species, without exception, grow in the ground, although many of those which flourish in the tropics and which are cultivated in temperate countries under glass receive their nourishment from the moisture in the air. Plants of the orchid family differ from all others in the arrangement of their organs of reproduction, which are united into a column composed of a single or, in case of the lady slipper, of two stamens coherent with or borne on the style or thick, fleshy stigma. The perianth of the flower is composed of six divisions, arranged in two sets, each of three. The three outer divisions are called sepals, and often resemble in texture and color those of the inner set called petals. One of the inner sets of these divisions differs from the others in shape and direction, and is called the lip—the sack of the lady's slipper. This is really the upper petal—that is, the one next to the axis of the flower—but by a half twist of the ovary it is made to appear as if it were the lowest. These elements—sepals, petals, lip and column—varied almost without limit in form and color—combine to produce the almost infinite number of widely differing forms which are so fascinating in

their oddity, quaintness and beauty. Orchids are found in all warm and temperate parts of the world, although they are more abundant in the tropics than elsewhere. They are perennial plants, often with tuber-bearing roots, and the peculiar structure of their flowers renders impossible their unaided fertilization, for which they depend on the visits of insects.—*Garden and Forest.*

The Virtue in Salads.

M. Henri de Vilmerin, President of the Botanical society of France, recently lectured before the Royal Horticultural society on the subject of salads. He spoke of the nutritive value of salads due to the potash salts, which, though present in vegetables generally, are eliminated in the process of cooking. These are some of the plants he enumerated as being used in France for salads: Lettuce, corn salad, common chicory, barbe de capucin, curled and Batavian endives, dandelion in its several forms of green, watercresses, purslane in small quantities, blanched salsify tops, Brussels chicory, the roots of celeriac, rampion and radish, the bulbs of stachys, the stalks of celery, the flowers of nasturtium and yucca, the fruit of capsicum and tomato, and, in the south of France, rocket, pleridium and Spanish onions. Various herbs are added to a French salad to garnish and flavor it—chervil, chives, shallot and borage flowers. In addition, many boiled vegetables are dressed with vinegar and oil. The lecturer then exhibited specimens of dandelion, barbe de capucin and witloof, both varieties of chicories, which he commended to the notice of gardeners as most useful and palatable.

The Elm as a Shade Tree.

Our elm, therefore, being so impatient of drought, and being so dependent on abundant nourishment is not a safe tree to plant in all sorts of soils and situations, although it has long been the habit to plant it everywhere in some parts of the country. As growth and vigor diminish insects multiply, and none of our trees suffer to such an extent from their ravages. There can be no more forlorn spectacle, certainly, than the rows of half-grown, stunted elm trees which may be seen in our cities and their suburbs, disfigured by the cankerworm and by hordes of other insects. The elm is one of the best trees to plant where the soil is deep and rich and where moisture is abundant and constant; it is one of the least desirable of all trees to set by the side of city streets, where plant-food is always lacking and where moisture is quickly carried off by the artificial drainage of road-bed and service pipes. Give it a fair chance and the American elm will hold its own against any tree in the world in its own peculiar light and graceful beauty: but, unless all the conditions favor it, there is no tree less satisfactory, and it should not be planted unless these conditions can be supplied.—*Garden and Forest.*

Jewels for Women.

The general opinion among women is that rubies and corals are equally becoming to brunettes, while sapphires and turquoises are more suitable to blondes. But I fancy that Rubens and Correggio, who robed their blondes in golden draperies, would willingly have added necklaces in topaz or yellow amber, remembering that beauty may be treated like a sentimental malady, as well by similitude as by contrast, says a writer in the *Jenness-Miller Magazine*. However, modern genius in its irresistible tendency toward equality mocks at precious stones by imitating them; it fabricates counterfeit emeralds, white and black pearls, and so successfully that only a jeweler can distinguish the deception. Aided by chemistry, which each day penetrates farther into nature's secrets, it imitates diamonds, and becoming more and more skillful, it creates fictitious gems which rival real ones. By means of thin leaves of beaten metal called tinsel, which are placed under colored enamels to enhance their brilliancy, it heightens the coloring of false rubies and sapphires. By the aid of lining and gilding ornaments are fabricated which display the gold where it is necessary for it to be seen on the surface. In this way it supplies, by a deception,



MULTNOMAH FALLS, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

persons of moderate means with the luxuries of the rich. With or without jewels, charming women will never cease to charm; but it would be ungrateful toward nature, which has produced diamonds and precious stones; toward science, which teaches us to imitate them, and toward those who so skillfully cut, polish, set and mount them, to regard with philosophical disdain these treasures of concentrated light and color with which human beauty can adorn itself.

Preparation for Death.

No human being can rest for any time in a state of equilibrium, where the desire to live and that to depart just balance each other. If one has a house, which he has lived and always means to live in, he pleases himself with the thought of all the conveniences it offers him, and thinks little of its wants and imperfections. But once having made up his mind to move to a better, every incommodity starts

out upon him, until the very ground-plan of it seems to have changed in his mind; and his thoughts and affections, each one of them packing up its little bundle of circumstances, have quitted their several chambers and nooks, and migrated to the new home, long before its apartments are ready to receive their bodily tenant. It is so with the body. Most persons have died before they expire—died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. The fact of the tranquillity with which the great majority of dying persons await this locking of those gates of life through which its airy angels have been going and coming, from the moment of the first cry, is familiar to those who have been often called upon to witness the last period of life. Almost always there is a preparation made by Nature for unearthing a soul, just as on a smaller scale there is for the removal of a milk-tooth. The roots which

hold human life to earth are absorbed before it is lifted from its place. Some of the dying are weary and want rest, the idea of which is almost inseparable in the universal mind from death. Some are in pain, and want to be rid of it, even though the anodyne be dropped, as in the legend, from the sword of the Death-Angel. Some are strong in faith and hope, so that, as they draw near the next world, they would fain hurry, as the caravan moves faster over the sands when the foremost travellers send word along the file that water is in sight. Though each little party that follows in a foot-track of its own will have it that the water to which others think they are hastening is a mirage, not the less has it been true in all ages and for human beings of every creed which recognizes a future, that those who have fallen worn out by their march through the Desert, have dreamed at last of a River of Life, and thought they heard its murmurs as they lay dying.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CAMPING AT SPIRIT LAKE.

BY SARAH SHERWOOD.

Several months ago I gave the readers of *THE NORTHWEST* an account of my two weeks stay among the Finns of Minnesota. I then promised, or partly promised, to tell them of my delightful outing at Spirit Lake. Other duties have since then kept both hands and brain busy. And now, as I sit with my pen in hand, visions of those happy days pass before me, and again I behold the placid waters, the luxuriant isles, with their green banks kissed by the dark waves of the St. Louis. Again I sit idly in my boat dangling my fingers in the refreshing waters, listening dreamily to my companion's gentle, firm strokes as she guides the boat among the winding, shady nooks. Or it may be that we are gathering water lilies, roaming through the clean dry woods; or perhaps, watching our camp fire, and listening to the songs of some neighboring campers or boatmen. And again I see the steamers as they glide by with their gay excursionists, who in seeking pleasure, do what so few seem to do, find it.

But if I am to write a description of my visit to Spirit Lake, I must begin, and not sit idly gazing into the past, pleasant though it may be. Myra and I stopped at the city of Duluth to make a few needed purchases, and then took the steamer "Likin," which was bound for Fond du Lac, a little station about fifteen miles up the St. Louis and several miles beyond Spirit Lake. It was my first experience in travelling by water. Never shall I forget the pleasure of that trip. The blood seemed to bound through my veins, and every nerve quivered with a new delight. Our boat with its 200 excursionists steamed out of the Duluth harbor, past tugs, sail boats, row boats, steamers, on through the railroad bridges, which were turned on their ponderous tables for us to pass, and on, up the river, which is a dark brown color, owing, no doubt to the cedar forests it passes through and the logging done upon its waters. To our right were the thriving towns of Oneota and West Duluth, busy manufacturing suburbs of Duluth itself. To the left, the green banks of Wisconsin. Occasionally we passed great beds of water lilies, white and pure against their dark background.

When but a short distance from Spirit Lake we were overhauled by the faster running "Barker." Our captain said, if we could not beat the "Barker" in speed, he could take the shorter and more picturesque course, which was too shallow for that boat. So we turned abruptly to the left, and entered a narrow winding channel, whose high green banks almost touched our boat as she hurried past. Sometimes on turning sharply it seemed that a few rods ahead was the end of the passage, when suddenly a narrow channel would reveal itself at so sharp an angle that I wondered how the big boat could turn so quickly. By and by we emerged in the principal channel of the stream, and again the "Barker" was visible behind, just leaving the landing at the Spirit Lake Hotel. On we went, around lovely islands, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, always choosing the true course, amid a labyrinth of channels, past green fields, dense groves and Indian huts, and at last landed at the small sleepy village of Fond du Lac, where we remained a couple of hours, eating our lunch in the beautiful grove near the old stone hotel and wandering about the quiet village. We secured a boat for a short time and rowed in and out among the shallow, tortuous channels, hunting lilies. On our way back we stopped at the Spirit Lake Hotel, where it was our intention to board a fortnight. This hotel is a pleasant and comfortable place, well conducted and easy of access, as the short line trains run every hour, and boats come up from the city daily. A number of neat Summer cottages have been erected near the hotel.

Our plans were changed suddenly and pleasantly. Some acquaintances of Myra's who were camping on Big Island, about a mile diagonally across the lake or river, were up the evening of our arrival after sup-

plies which had been sent up from the city. Mrs. H.—and her family wished to be away three or four weeks and asked us if we would not like to move into their camp till they returned. "If you girls will only go over there and stay till we are back I think you would enjoy it and it will be a great accommodation to me. My son can come up occasionally and see what is needed. If you are fond of camp life I know you would have a delightful time."

Of course Myra and I accepted the invitation and the next morning found us at "Camp Comfort," ready for a good time. The camp consisted of a rude slab house, 16x20 feet, in which were constructed bunks to accommodate six persons, a little stove for cool nights and cooking in rainy weather, a table, camp chairs, etc., also a canvas tent for dining hall. Christene, a strong, good natured Norwegian girl in Mrs. H's employment, stayed with us for help and company. "Camp Comfort" was situated in a pleasant grove of pine and birch on a bluff overlooking the river and the beautiful Spirit Island. Every comfort of a modern camp was found here, from the well stocked larder and medicine case to the little shelf of books. There were three other camps near us, so we were not timid although there was no man to protect us. The first day was spent in the hammocks, alternately sleeping and talking over our good fortune; in eating, which none but a camper fully appreciates, and roaming through the woods, which, by-the-way, are remarkably clean and dry, and free absolutely from snakes and toads.

A good portion of our subsequent time was spent in this idle but thoroughly comfortable manner. If one is to enjoy camp life, all worry, work and plans for the future must be left out. In the words of an old camper—"Do nothing, think nothing, be nothing."

Sometimes, to be sure, we went out exploring for a day, but we seldom planned anything. Mere existence in this pure atmosphere was happiness. The days were never sultry, and never too cold, the nights just right for comfortable sleeping. Flies and mosquitos were not common—in fact so very uncommon, that when a mosquito did come around singing its doleful tune, it only reminded us of the annoyances of the world and our own happy lot in contrast. We had no long rains, only short, smart showers, and then all was bright, clear and exhilarating again. Once we went up to Fond du Lac and spent the night in order to get an early start for a tramp up the St. Louis. Never shall I forget the day. A short distance above the village, the river suddenly changes from a broad, calm, restful stream, creeping lazily among its luxuriant islands, to a wild and picturesque torrent. The roar of the rapids makes a ceaseless and confusing din. Farther up the water goes dashing down over rocky, ragged precipices, thundering like a young Niagara, as it is in every sense. At some points huge granite cliffs rise abruptly from the water, and again, dainty waterfalls, with their musical splash, and foamy sprays seem to reprove its more boisterous moods. In no place that I ever stood have I felt the awful presence of an unrevealed power, as when I looked down on this wonderful picture of rocky shores, fringed and darkened by the rich green forests, and the river winding, dashing, leaping, as it forces its way in an ever changing course to join the pure waters of Superior. I have no idea how far we traveled that day, but I do know that three more tired women than Myra, Christene and I were not to be found on Big Island that night.

Sometimes we formed pleasant parties with our neighboring campers and visited many of the adjoining islands, or took long moonlight rides on the water. One day while Myra and I were gathering lilies in one of the beautiful lagoons near our island, we met an old Indian fisherman in his birch canoe. We asked him if he was having good luck. "No," said he shortly, without looking up. "They say that bass bite better in the lake where the water is deeper and swifter," I ventured to remark. With a quick frightened look he replied "I do not fish there."

"Why so?" I asked, but he deigned me no reply. Myra asked him if he would sell what fish he had, which he seemed glad to do for a few cents. After bargaining with him to bring us a mess every night, we rowed away and left the queer old Indian to himself as he evidently wished to be. One might wonder why we did not catch our own fish and thus add another amusement to our catalogue. To tell the truth although Myra and I had no compunctions in eating fish, it did seem cruel to pull the poor things out of the water and see them die. Then, too, Christene objected to cleaning them.

On reaching home, Christene said it must have been old Jo. I asked her why she supposed he would not fish in the lake. "Oh it's on account of some Indian superstition," she replied; "I don't know what." My woman's curiosity was aroused and I determined to get on the right side of old Jo and learn the story. The next evening when he came with the fish I admired them and asked all manner of questions concerning fishing and hunting. I gave Jo a big chunk of sweet cake, and other dainties. We parted the best of friends. Myra called me a deceitful minx, flatterer, etc. I told her I must learn about Spirit Lake. Moreover, I did feel an interest in the queer, lonely old Indian. After this old Jo's coming was one of the events of the day. He was treated with the politeness and consideration of an honored guest. I believe he soon looked forward to the visit with as much pleasure as we did. For although no muscle of his wrinkled old face ever relaxed, his little black eyes certainly twinkled with pleasure when he came among us. Sometimes, indeed, he would sit a half hour without speaking. Occasionally he told us some stories of great fishing and hunting exploits. Once he brought us a beautiful little fawn he had caught while it was swimming the river.

Twice I mentioned Spirit Island, but with the result only of closing his lips for the rest of his stay, which would always be short after that. After two weeks, during which our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, I was no nearer learning the story than before. He brought us trout from the great trout stream a few miles east, called the Bend. He brought us wild duck, partridges, quail, venison, in fact fish and game of every variety. Once we expressed a desire to see his home. And one morning, he did a very gallant thing, and very uncommon for an Indian—came for us and conducted us east through woods and swampy places to the Nemadji River and then gave us a canoe ride two miles up this quiet shady stream, and landed us at his own hut. We, at least I, had pictured an Indian cabin as situated in a beautifully retired spot, covered with vines, and hung with handsome skins, and wampum strewn around. For all people with such ideas I would advise to visit to an Indian hut, or an encampment. It will destroy all romance of life among the Indians, and be a good lesson for aspiring youths, whose imaginations have been fired by blood and thunder stories of the far West. We found old Jo's hut an uncomfortable little low affair, alive with filth and vermin, with nothing to recommend it but the fine location and his welcome. Of course we praised what we could truthfully, but as for eating anything it was impossible. After an hour's ramble among the rich forests along the river bank, we were conducted back to our Indian friend.

And so our life passed dreamily for five weeks, instead of the two we had calculated on at first. The time had come for us to leave, as I had but ten days more to spend in the Northwest and there were many points of interest yet unexplored. The night before we broke camp, old Jo came up and sat a long time with us, looking on moodily and scarcely speaking as he saw the preparations going on for leaving. After finishing our work, I stood looking away over the quiet expanse of water at the dark oval island, whose secret I had so wished to know, thinking of the happy days now gone and wondering with a melancholy tug at my heart if my eyes would ever again rest on this beautiful and beloved scene. "Miss

Grace," said old Jo. I turned; he had evidently been watching me. "The young woman would like to know the history of yon island." "Yes; O so much!" "Listen then, and I will tell it, but never before have I told to white man or woman its story, for it is not pleasant to relate and makes me sad. You young women have been good to a lonely old Indian. You are true. I will talk to you, and you will remember me. The Chippewa nation has always occupied this region. It has been our home for ages. The Sioux or Dakotas have inhabited the country farther west, beyond the dark river you call the St. Louis. The Sioux were an aggressive nation, always at war with the Chippewas. They were jealous of our hunting and fishing grounds. Many, many years ago, when our nation was great and powerful, a young Sioux brave crossed the river to hunt on the Chippewa grounds. Here he met the beautiful daughter of Bercada, a Chippewa chief. They loved each other and determined to flee. But where? The chiefs of the two nations learned of the affair and each felt the disgrace as much as the other. The unfortunate lovers fled to this island, and stopped under that grove of birch and pine. Here they were pursued by the braves of both tribes, and as darkness fell upon the earth they paddled stealthily across the lake to yon green isle, where some will tell you they spent their last night together on earth. But we who are versed in knowledge know better. On the following morning the savage pursuers searched the island, but except the bed of boughs where they spent the night, no trace of them could be found. The Great Spirit hid them or made them invisible to their awe-struck pursuers. They saw them not, but their voices were distinctly heard. After that they were often seen by their kin from either shore at dusk, or in the moonlight wandering together or fishing in the waters around the island. Even to this day they inhabit their beautiful island home. The Great Manitou has given Spirit Island and the lake surrounding it to the spirits of the departed lovers. Since the morning when their frightened kinsmen fled from the island, no Indian foot has ever passed its shore. No Indian has ever fished in the calm lake, or crossed its haunted waters after nightfall." Jo's voice was low and tremulous and full of terror as he finished his story.

"What would happen if an Indian should invade this mysterious region?" I ventured to inquire after a long pause. Turning his small, piercing eyes upon me he answered slowly, "Misfortune, death, or both." And after a long silence he added still more slowly. "Once, when flushed with success in the chase, my brother and I, in this very spot, dared to jeer at these things and scoff at the legends of our fathers. We cried loudly to the lovers to come out of their retreat, and" continuing more slowly "in one week from that time my brother died by an enemy's shot, and my wife and child were slowly dying of fever. I am left alone, the last of my family." It was some time before the silence was broken. Myra and I felt a pitying respect for the desolate old man, whose superstition had made his sorrows so doubly sad.

When he spoke again, he said: "The white man and woman are not forbidden for they do not seek to destroy the happiness of true lovers." (Strange delusion.) Old Jo had finished his story. And as the long beautiful twilight of that northern country settled upon us, and the shadows deepened and darkened, this thought came to me. How near are we all each to the other. In spite of the difference in race, circumstances, education, all that makes life, still the eternal brotherhood in all! Different, O, so different, we may seem, but all are children of the same parents—God, the father, Nature, the mother. In all is the same desire to be remembered, to do something that shall live, to be loved by those we love. For this old Jo had told what threats and torture could not have wrung from him. And so, with words of friendship and a quiet clasp of the hand, we parted from a true friend. And early on the morrow we started for new fields of pleasure, and grand if not so restful scenes around the shores of historic Lake Superior.

WILD WESTERN ROMANCE NO. 26.

BY HUGH A. WETMORE.

"I am resolved."

The words were uttered by Albert Charles Rudolph Balthazar Schindelmesser, as he stood upon the loftiest peak of Mount Tacoma and watched the seething sun sink in the western sea. He reck'd not that that very sun was bathing that identical mountain in fire, and that his hated rival, Dado Von Bloviat, the artist, was at that very moment seated in the valley making of that mighty mass of color a counterfeit on canvas, which should be palmed off upon some wealthy collector of fine pictures, who would lift the counterfeiter some fifteen hundred dollars nearer to the goddess of their idolatry, Miss Daisy Le Mac Flippup. Had our hero reckoned on this, he might, perhaps, have set his firm jaws a half inch more closely together. As it was, he clenched his hands until the nails of his fingers were driven into the flesh, and the rosy life current spurted in all directions, like water from an automatic lawn sprinkler. For the ambitious youth was not only hopelessly in love—he was financially embarrassed.

He was a lawyer by trade, and he had tried every town from Sing Sing to Coronado. He had come nearest to starving in St. Paul and Minneapolis (where there are five lawyers to every inhabitant), and he had expected that things would get a little easier the farther West he penetrated. But, alas, his law library—so much of it as had not been pawned—was burned in the Seattle fire, and now he was resolving to make a resolution setting forth that it had become necessary to begin life anew.

Various lines of endeavor were open to him. He could go back to St. Paul and launch upon the sea of journalism, where first class reporters can always command from six to fifteen dollars a week. He was a big, brawny fellow, but, strange to say, he never once thought of agriculture.

The agricultural and horticultural interests needed such men as Albert Charles Rudolph Balthazar Schindelmesser, and he needed them, but he thought it a disgrace to plough and split rails, as his own sire and as some of our best statesmen and literati have done.

His despised rival, the artist down there in the valley, had done all sorts of manual labor while getting a start, and the vigor of body thus acquired had simply given a richer and more animated character to his style.

The distinguished Bloviat found out that an artist could not have too diversified an experience. He knew how to paint a cow the better for having herded and milked cows. He could delineate pine forests the more truthfully after having demolished them with saw and axe. His love of the beautiful had not suffered. His nerves had simply been strengthened and rendered trustworthy—the optic nerve along with all the others.

The girl preferred the lawyer, it is true, but she listened to the advice of her honest old hay-seed of a father, and stipulated that the lover who should be lucky enough to get into that farmer's fold would have to bring something more substantial than a mere sheepskin.

So Albert Charles Rudolph, as he was called for short, had rushed from the glorious Daisy's presence, and had never stopped to cool off until reaching the tip-top of Mount Tacoma. There he resolved that he would go back to the effete East, if he had to walk. It was well that he incorporated the last chance, else had he been a very long time carrying out his resolution. It took him a right smart while as it was. Ever and anon he would ride a few miles in an empty freight car before being observed; but he didn't give the railroads any credit for it. He classified the trip as a complete walk over. He was a husky, good-looking young man, as hereinbefore mentioned, and the exercise, fresh air, and coarse food. (that he sawed wood to get, while "en root") did not detract from his comeliness.

Bloviat, the renowned artist, remained out West, alternating between the easel and the hop field.

Time wore on, and as the other girls had about all married eastern nabobs, or western kings of business, the sumptuous Daisy thought it proper to call "time."

The sun had set on a good many previous occasions, but it went down again with a twinkle in its eye. Something was going to happen. So the neighbors said, and something did happen. This is about what happened.

Two solitary horsemen rode up to the Flippup farm house from opposite directions. The artist bestrode a milk white horse, the lawyer a coal black steed. The artist was clad in goods of American manufacture, the lawyer was habilitated in imported broadcloth, and he sported diamonds upon which no import duty had been paid. The lawyer was one blaze of finery, and he hadn't made it practicing law.

How then had he made it? We will leave Daisy to find out.

When he entered the parlor and stood beneath the home-made electric light, Miss Daisy gave a piercing scream. The idol of a few years ago was bowed and bent and shriveled and pale—oh, so pale!—the mere ghost of his former self.

"What on earth has come over you, my Albert, my Charles, my Rudolph?" she cried, recoiling from his proffered embrace, and backing all-of-a-tremble into a corner.

"Nothing has come over me, nor has anything overcome me," he chattered, with a horrid grin. "I have done the overcoming. The wheel of fortune has overcome me, and I am hoist to the top! You remember your promise?"

"Yes, I remember my promise. It was this: 'I will marry you, if you will get rich in a given time—without disgracing yourself.' I loved you noisily, and I might love you still, if I were assured that you have retained a fraction of your integrity, your manly beauty being gone. How have you made your money?—out of mining stocks?"

"No."

"Lottery? Bucket shops? May corn? Horse racing? Gambling? Begging? Borrowing? Stealing? Padding census returns?"

"No—"

"O, say not thus! I can be merciful, as I hope to obtain mercy. I might reform you—we could toil and do penance, and live down the memory of any of these ordinary methods of getting money. But say not no. Say not that you have resorted to the practice of medicine, or anything unsavory—though, in a pinch, I might even forgive your becoming a quack."

An expression of overwhelming vagueness and indescribable alarm crept into his tortured face, and he flung himself upon his knees and clasped his hands imploringly, as he breathed, with great effort, these words:

"I have written a theological novel."

The injured girl became fearfully calm. Grasping a speaking tube she shouted to the man down at the barn.

"Let that dog loose!"

Then taking a firm hold upon the emaciated wretch objectly groveling at her feet, she hurried him out of the window.

There was a wedding in the State of Washington next day—and it is scarcely necessary to say that the horny-handed artist was there.

IN AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Custom ordains that, when one writes one's name
 Dans cette espèce de livre, c'est comme il faut
 To transcribe from some poet, or to frame
 Des vers ou quelque sentiment très beau:
 And, so, I wish for thee, whom I adore,
 Le bonheur, la santé, et toutes les choses
 That make life pleasant, by the score—
 Ta vie, qu'elle soit couleur de rose!

W. E. P. FRENCH.

ASHLAND AND THE IRON RANGE.

Ashland's Growing Industries and Commerce—The Towns and Iron Mines on the Gogebic Range.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

I revisit with pleasure, after a lapse of two years, this picturesque place at the head of Chequamegon Bay, where the ore from the Gogebic Mines is shipped, where lumber is manufactured in enormous quantities, where iron is made and where a busy population of 11,000 are engaged in laying, upon the solid basis of great and lasting natural resources, the foundations of an important commercial and manufacturing city. Three years ago real estate speculation ran wild at Ashland—the result of a fictitious excitement worked up by outsiders. When the fever subsided no bad effects remained. The speculators pocketed their gains or their losses and went their several ways in search of new fields, and such of the citizens as were so fortunate as to make money from the boom wisely invested it in solid improvements. The town did not retrograde, but continued its steady rate of growth. In fact it has nearly doubled its population since the throng of voluble and energetic real estate agents folded up their maps and plats and took down their signs. It would be unjust to say that no good came from the sojourn of this fleeting swarm of speculators. They advertised the town widely, discerning with their keen and practiced eyes advantages hardly noticed by the old settlers, and who can tell how many of the people who have since come in to help build up the place were led hither by the echoes of "the great boom?" The real estate agent is often ridiculed and often condemned but he is the forerunner of all important developments in the West.

There is nothing accidental or artificial about Ashland. At the head of

the well-sheltered Bay of Chequamegon which stretches its placid surface thirty miles inland from the great breakwater of the Apostle Islands, is a high and wide plateau that attracted attention nearly thirty years ago as a fitting site for a town. It was, in fact, one of only two favorable sites for town-building found on the entire southern shore of Lake Superior—the other being the Bay of Marquette. Able and far-sighted men like Dr. Ellis, the late S. S. Vaughn and Frederic Prentice got possession of the land fronting on the bay and patiently waited for a future which they felt sure would fulfill their hopes. A lumbering village first grew up. Then railroads came and the iron deposits of the Gogebic Range were exploited. Huge ore docks were built, the small saw mills grew into great lumber manufacturing concerns, an iron furnace was erected, numerous factories were attracted by low lake freights and rail competition, the beginnings of jobbing trade were made in several lines, the once lonely bay became alive with steam and sail craft and Ashland stepped forward from its old position as a hamlet in the wilderness into the ranks of Wisconsin cities.

The pioneer work is all done; the railways are

built; the wharves and docks reach their long arms out into the bay; the great, solid industries of lumber and iron are established and advance year by year; in short the conditions are all secured for the steady progress of the city, and no definite limit can now be fixed to its growth. The leading citizens are conservative in their expectations and do not talk of another Chicago. "Perhaps there will be only 25,000 people here at the end of another decade," said one of them; "perhaps there will be 50,000; but one thing is certain—the town will never go backward. As the resources of Northern Wisconsin continue to be developed and mines, factories, farms and saw-mills are increased, Ashland will advance in population and wealth. We have the largest and best harbor on Lake Superior. Railroads concentrate trade here. We have the raw material for many lines of manufacturing. We make substantial progress every year and what we gain we always hold. You will find no empty stores or vacant houses. We are satisfied with what we have accomplished and content with our prospects." This statement reflects pretty faithfully, I think, the average opinion of the men engaged in the larger affairs of the young city.

The visitor may be a little disappointed at first at the rather quiet appearance of the business streets, but he is sure to be impressed by the magnitude of the operations on the water front, where a great show of commerce is made by the huge ore docks, the coal docks, the lumber-laden wharves of the mills and the variety of lake craft. The population, being mostly industrial and employed during the day, does not make much movement about the streets until after nightfall. Then a city-like throng surges along the wooden sidewalks and the shops do a rushing trade.

From the blast furnace at the extreme western end of town to the works of the Parish Manufacturing Company at the east end the distance is over three miles, and this is all pretty thickly built. Back from the bay at any point where the town has greatest girth a walk of half a mile takes you into the woods. Second



THE KNIGHT BLOCK.



NORTHERN NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.

VIEWS IN ASHLAND, WISCONSIN.

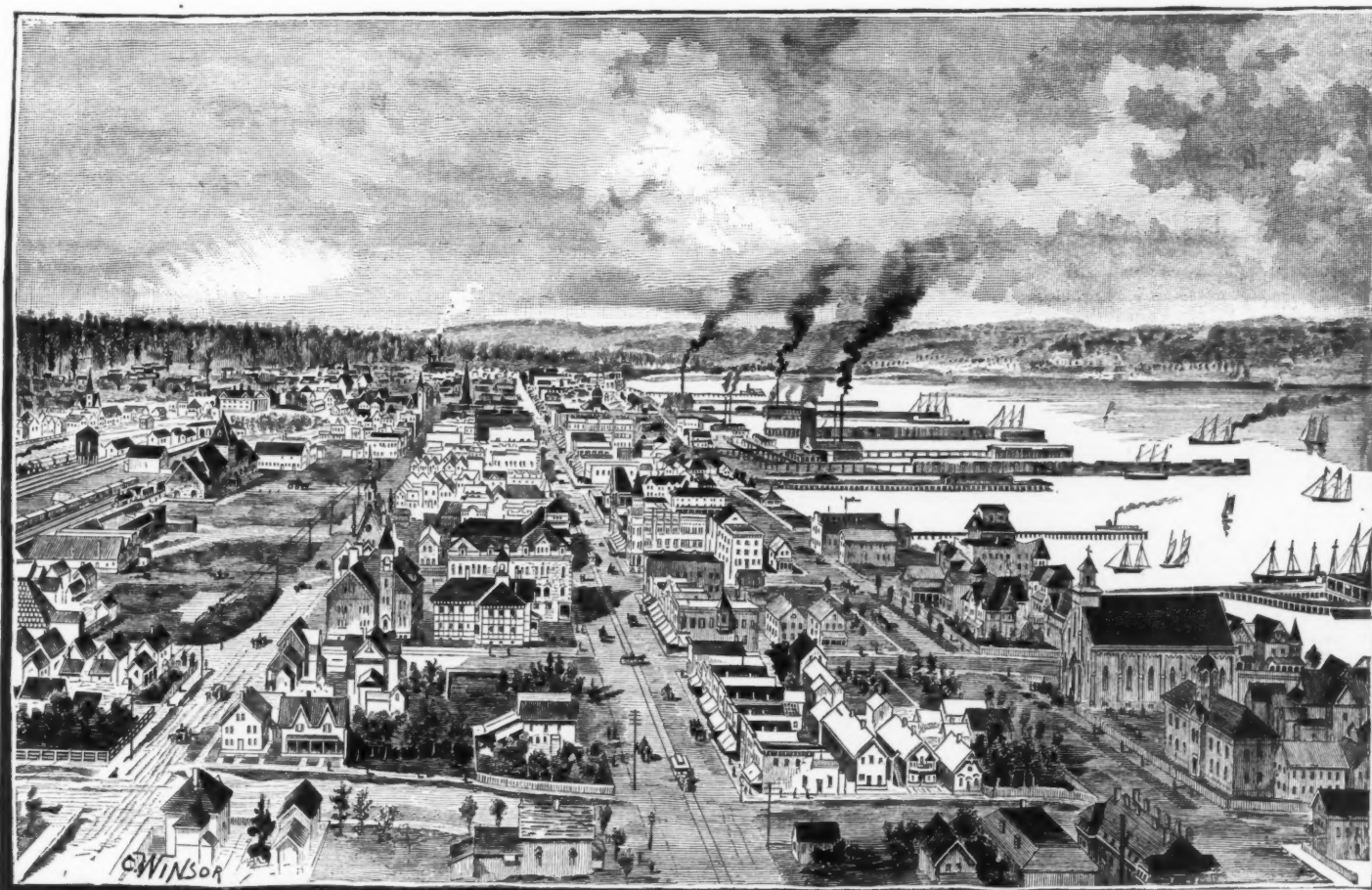
Street, the chief trade thoroughfare, is lined with business houses for two miles, is paved with planks and has a horse railroad. Its wooden stores are giving way year by year to modern brick blocks. Such buildings as the Knight Block, the Vaughn Library, the Breen Block, the First National Bank, the Security Bank, the Northern National Bank and two or three others are conspicuous land marks of recent progress. The six large new school houses are also good evidences of the new growth. The pleasantest place in all the town to my mind is the broad piazza of the Chequamegon house, facing the bay, when you can sit at your ease in a big arm chair, with nothing between you and the bluff but a railway and a strip of lawn and see all the craft that come and go from the wharves—the stately green and white passenger steamers, which run between Duluth and the lower lake ports; the long, black steam barges with their tows of three and four-masted schooners, the fishing smacks and the yachts.

stand out against the green forest background. You cannot see the older town of Bayfield, however, further down the bay, because of an intervening headland, but with a glass you can make out La Pointe, in the white specks on Madeleine Island. La Pointe, the ancient headquarters of the Jesuit missionaries and fur traders, once had a population of 2,000 souls, mostly red or mixed, but can now count scarce a hundred. Bayfield has perhaps a thousand inhabitants living by lumbering, fishing and quarrying brownstone. Washburn is a modern town created by the "Omaha" Railroad as a shipping point, and claims 2,000 people. Ashland looks upon both Bayfield and Washburn as tributary villages and neither has any hope of ever rivalling its big successful neighbor.

Ashland has excellent railway facilities. The Northern Pacific runs west to Superior and Duluth and thence on through Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington to the Pacific Coast. The Wisconsin Central, leased by the N. P., runs south-

of little rivers flowing into Lake Superior. Down these streams the logs are run and at their mouths they are gathered into rafts and towed by tugs to the booms of the mills. Ashland lumber goes westward to the prairie regions by rail and eastward by water to Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo. It is a curious fact that a considerable shipment was lately made to Saginaw, Michigan, once the largest lumber market in the world. On the Ashland docks there are now piled nearly one million dollars worth of lumber, ready for the demands of the market. The latest development in the business is the building of short lines of logging railroad back from the lake into large bodies of pine which are remote from streams. Lumbermen say that it will not be many years before the greatest part of the annual log supply will be obtained in this way.

Ashland has one of the best built and best-equipped charcoal blast furnaces to be found in the country. It is owned by Minneapolis and Cincinnati parties



VIEW OF ASHLAND, WISCONSIN, LOOKING WEST FROM THIRD AVENUE EAST.

Seven lumber mills stand along the shore and each has one or two long wharves piled high with pine boards that make a fine show of golden color in the sunlight, contrasting prettily with the blue waters of the bay. The black coal docks and the black vessels moored to them make quite a different color effect and still another is produced by the three huge iron ore docks, with their dull red hue. These docks are half a mile long each and their upper decks on which the ore trains run are fifty feet above the water. Along their sides are the ore pockets, where the ore descends in chutes into the holds of the vessels. So enormous are these constructions that the big vessels moored to them are hardly noticeable; only when these craft get out on the bay, away from the background of the gigantic docks, do you notice that they are of noble proportions.

Sitting on the piazza you can also look straight across the bay to the town of Washburn, seven miles distant. If the air is clear and your eyes are strong you can count the buildings, so distinctly do they

ward to Milwaukee and Chicago and throws off a branch from Mellen to all the towns on the iron range. The "Omaha" has a direct line to St. Paul and Minneapolis and a Chicago line diverging at Spooner. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western runs to Milwaukee, passing through the iron towns, and at Milwaukee turns its through Chicago sleepers over to the Northwestern. Thus there are three competing roads to Chicago, and two to the Twin Cities, the N. P. connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul and Duluth. The Wisconsin Central and the Northern Pacific have put up a union depot of Bayfield brownstone which is the handsomest example of railway architecture for its size to be found in the Northwest.

As a lumber market Ashland is steadily growing in importance. The cut for this year will not be far from 150,000,000 feet. The cut of 1889 in what is known by lumbermen as the Ashland district was 220,000,000 feet. All the mills are on the bay front and have shipping facilities for both lake and rail. The log supply comes from the banks of a multitude

and makes about 65,000 tons of pig iron annually, which is in active demand at a good price, chiefly for car-wheel manufacture. The financial success of this furnace has demonstrated Ashland's advantages for iron-making and will attract other enterprises of similar character.

Another important concern is the Parish Manufacturing Company, which has quite a village of its own around its works at the extreme eastern end of the corporate limits of the city. It makes iron castings, steam-engines and machinery and employs a large force. Pretty cottages have been put up by the company for its working men and their families and a school established for the children.

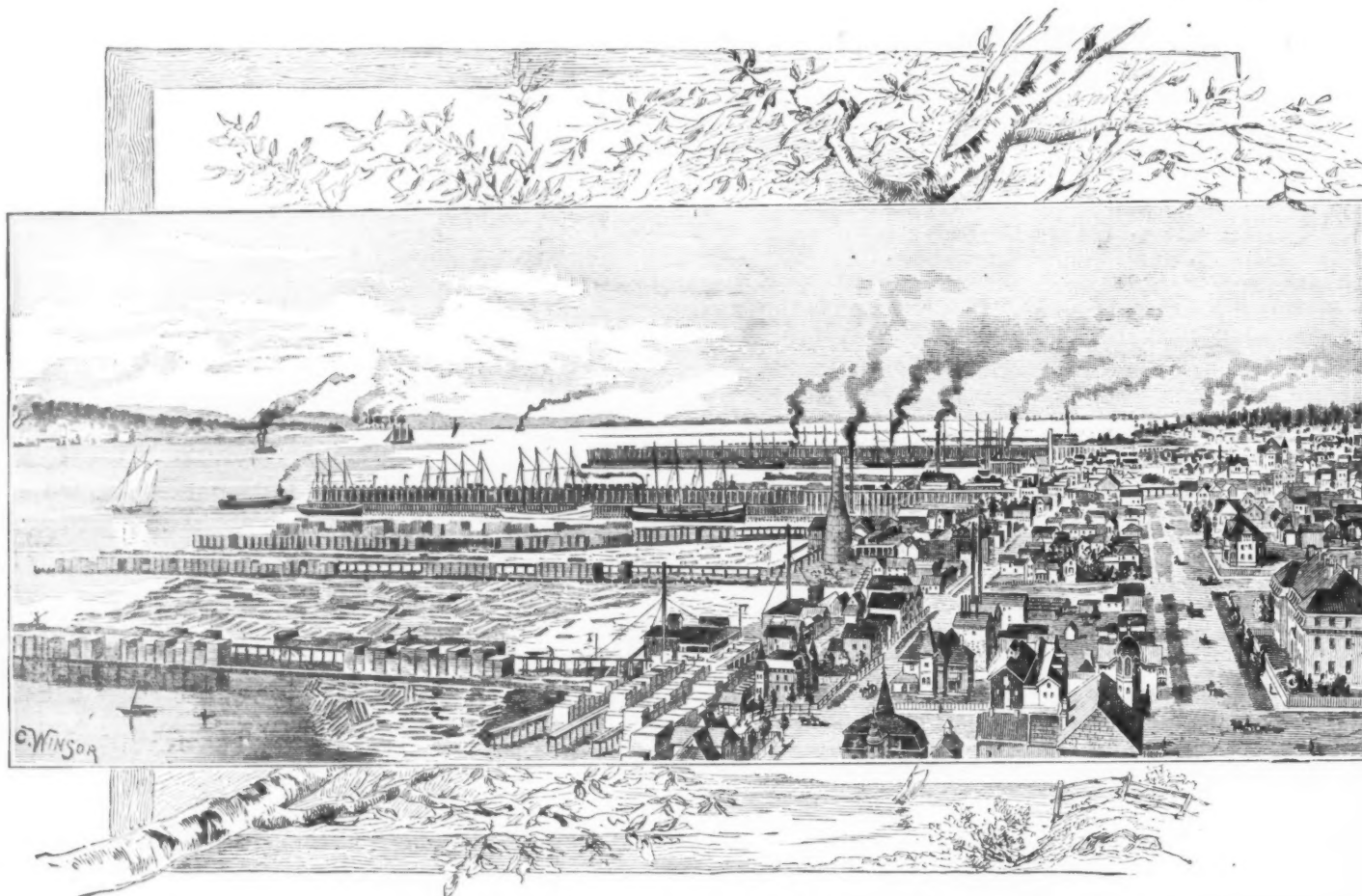
The Vaughn Public Library is an institution of which Ashland people have a right to feel proud. The late Hon. S. S. Vaughn was a public spirited man and a man of intellectual culture, as well as a successful money-maker. When he came to die, a few years ago, still in the prime of life, he expressed regret that he had not carried out a favorite idea of

founding a library for the town where he had made his fortune. His widow, a lady of education and much force of character, took up the task of fulfilling his wishes. She visited many public libraries in the East to learn how they were conducted. Then she erected at a cost of \$40,000 a plain, substantial business block, setting apart rooms in the second story for the library and renting the stores below and offices above to form a permanent fund to support the institution. A cheery reading-room was liberally stocked with newspapers and magazines and about 2,000 volumes of standard history, biography, science and fiction. New books are bought every month. The reading room is open day and evening and any resident of Ashland can take out books on depositing two dollars as security for their return. The Vaughn Library already exerts a marked influence on the intellectual life of the place and the generous financial provisions made for its maintenance ensure that its growth will keep pace with the growth of the city.

belonging to Frederic Prentice, of New York city, and most desirably located for residence and park purposes. This tract he is improving with drives and walks with a view of making it merit the name of Prentice Park, which has already been given it by the public. About 100 acres of this domain, separated from the bay by a ridge of sand, is covered with ponds—open in places and in others concealed by a growth of flags and lilies. With hundreds of springs in the bottom of these clear pools and many on the neighboring hill-sides send forth a mineral water very closely analogous in its analysis with that of the famous Bethesda Spring, at Waukesha, Wisconsin. One of the springs has been opened by driving a pipe down a few feet and it pours out a steady stream of cold, clear water, palatable and refreshing, of about two inches in diameter. It naturally occurred to an enterprising man like Mr. Prentice that if water practically identical with that of the Waukesha Springs existed on the shores of Lake Superior,

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Bi-Carbonate of Soda..... | 1.256 |
| " " Lime..... | 17.022 |
| " " Magnesia..... | 12.388 |
| " " Proto Oxide of Iron..... | none |
| Alumina..... | 0.122 |
| Silica..... | 0.944 |
| Organic Matter..... | 1.983 |
| Sulphate of Potassa..... | 0.454 |
| " " Sodium..... | 0.542 |
| Bi-Carbonate of Iron..... | 0.042 |
| Phosphate of Soda..... | trace |

The Ashland Springs were first discovered by an early settler in this region named Webb, who, finding evidences that the Indians had formerly camped on the spot in large numbers, bringing their sick to drink the waters, built a cabin and entered a claim. He did nothing, however, to improve the place. The present owner, Mr. Prentice, has built a small hotel and contemplates putting up a large one next year. He utilizes the ponds for trout and has a fish hatchery constructed on scientific principles. He is clearing a part of the land and preparing it for residences,



VIEW OF ASHLAND HARBOR LOOKING EAST FROM THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Mr. Bancroft, the librarian, is in love with his work and is thoroughly competent to carry it on.

Ashland has two enterprising daily newspapers, both issuing weekly editions. The *Press*, the evening paper, was the pioneer weekly of the entire region, and was for many years owned and edited by Gov. Fildes, who gave it a strong position in the Republican journalism of Wisconsin. It is now published by Joe M. Chapple.

The *Ashland News* (morning) is rapidly taking rank among the ablest papers of the North. It is served by the Western Associated Press, and has a large corps of special correspondents on the Gogebic Iron Range and in other parts of Northern Wisconsin and Northern Michigan. It is Democratic in politics and its publisher is Clarence Snyder.

ASHLAND MINERAL SPRINGS.

About a mile west of the well-built part of Ashland is a stretch of picturesque woodland, sloping back from the shore of the bay and diversified with numerous glens and ravines, containing over 700 acres

where there is the most invigorating Summer climate to be found anywhere in the United States, much might be made out of the fortunate discovery for the benefit of health-seekers. He had the water analyzed by a competent chemist and the following was the result in comparison with the best-known of the Waukesha Springs, the Bethesda:

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| ASHLAND SPRING— | |
| Chloride of Sodium..... | 0.2808 |
| Sulphate of Soda..... | 1.0003 |
| Bi-Carbonate of Soda..... | 3.5275 |
| " " Lime..... | 18.2695 |
| " " Magnesia..... | 18.1233 |
| " " Proto Oxide of Iron..... | 0.0292 |
| Alumina..... | 0.0877 |
| Silica..... | 1.2870 |
| Organic matter..... | 1.0822 |
| Sulphate of Potassa..... | none |
| " " Sodium..... | none |
| Bi-Carbonate of Iron..... | none |
| Phosphate of Soda..... | none |

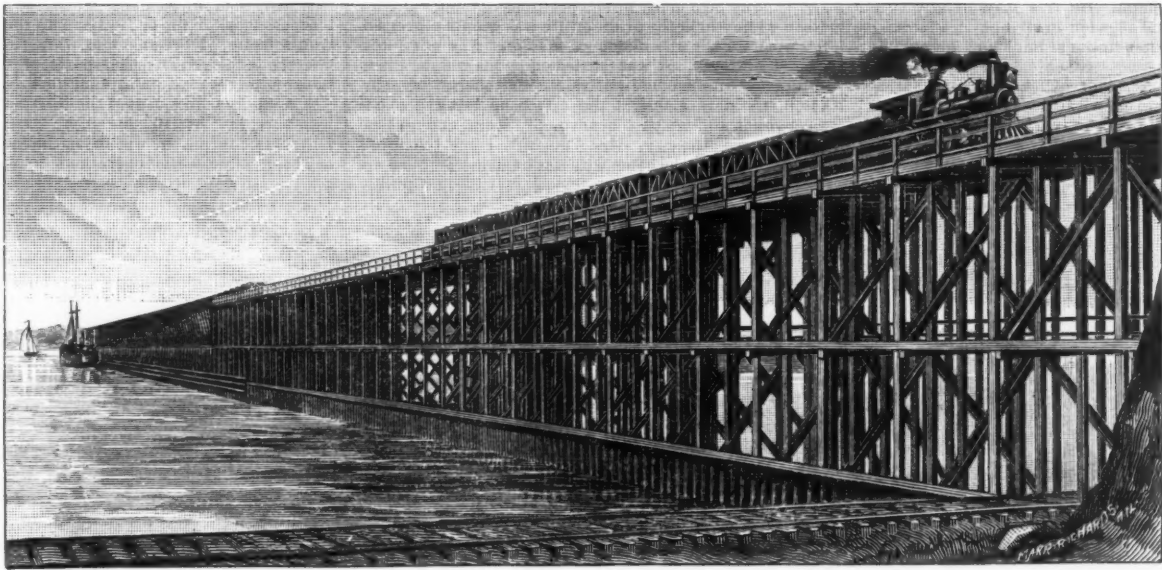
| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| BETHESDA SPRING— | |
| Chloride of Sodium..... | 1.180 |
| Sulphate of Soda..... | none |

the balance he is having drives and walks made through the groves of second-growth timber, for what he believes will some day be a great health resort. Two railroads, the Northern Pacific and the Omaha, pass through the property and each is ready to put up a passenger station for the springs whenever improvements are far enough advanced to attract health and pleasure travel to them. With energy and capital to make them known there is no reason why these Ashland Springs should not in time become one of the most frequented resorts in the country.

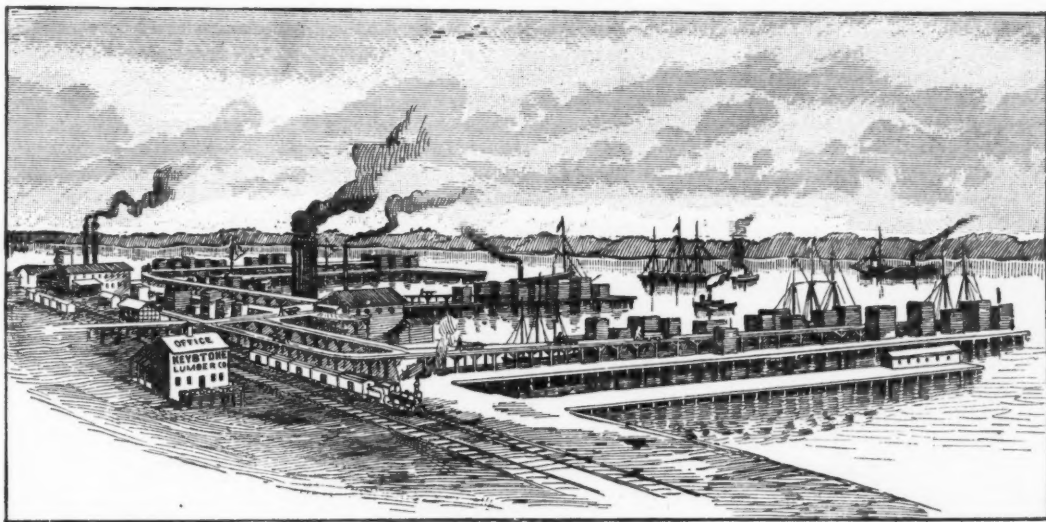
ASHLAND PORTRAITS.

All Ashland readers of this magazine will recognize the group of portraits printed in this number as containing the faces of the people most worthy of honor for their successful efforts to change in a few years, a lonely clearing on the shores of Lake Superior into a busy commercial and manufacturing city. To others much credit is also due but these citizens will always stand in the front rank in the history of the founding and development of Ashland:

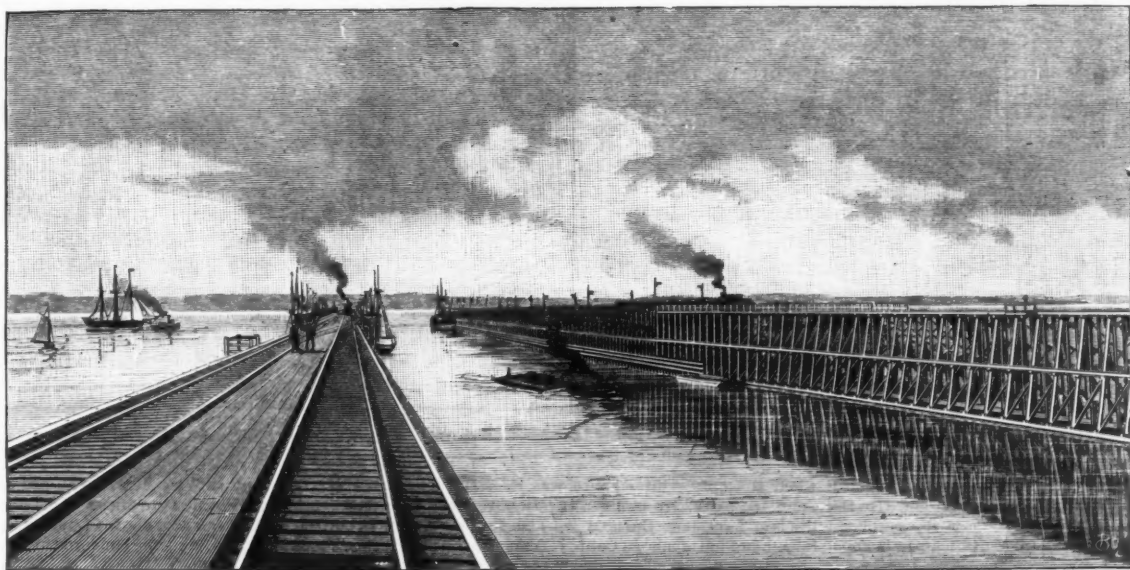
Dr. Edwin Ellis may well be called the father of Ash-



IRON ORE DOCKS OF THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.



MILLS AND DOCKS OF THE KEYSTONE LUMBER COMPANY.



THE LAKE SHORE IRON ORE DOCKS.

VIEWS IN ASHLAND, WISCONSIN.

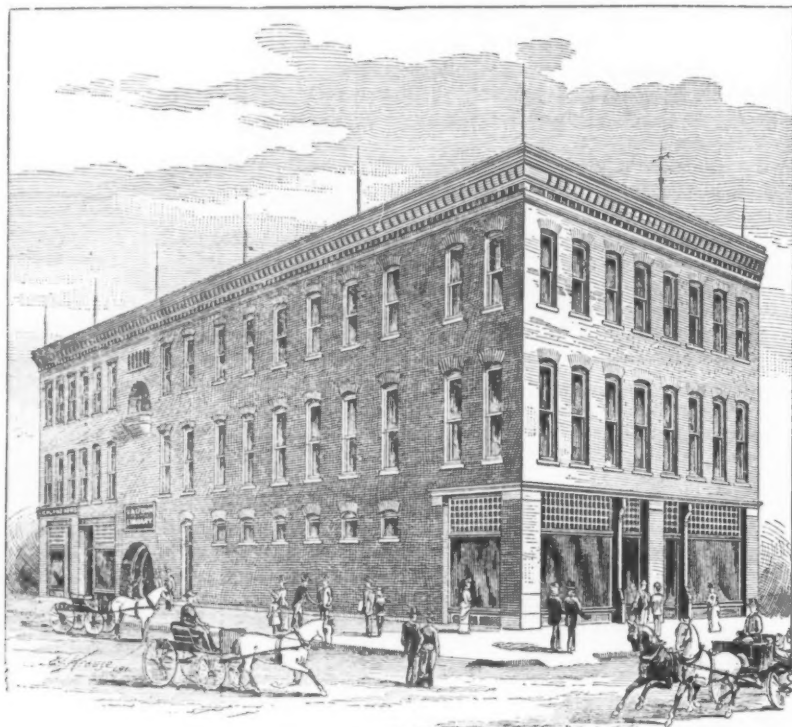
land, being the oldest pioneer of prominence who has taken a leading part in the building up of the place. About half of the city is built upon land that was his earnest homestead claim. He is a man of strong and original character and a leader in all public affairs. He is President of the First National Bank and largely interested in many other successful enterprises.

Thomas Bardon, President of the Ashland National Bank, has had much to do with the development of the iron and lumber interests of Northern Wisconsin and with the growth of Ashland. He was born in Maysville, Kentucky and came to Ashland in 1872. According to

development of the future which was to make a city in the pioneers' clearings at the head of the bay. This foresight was the foundation of the handsome fortune he acquired. Mr. Vaughn held many public positions of honor and his death while still in the prime of life was deeply regretted. His work for the upbuilding of Ashland was not interrupted, however. It was carried on by his widow, a lady of unusual intelligence, cultivation and energy of character who ably manages the estate he left and who is foremost in all the best benevolent, social and musical movements in the city. Mrs. Vaughn's home overlooks the bay to which she came with her husband as pioneers

war and at the close of the war was appointed agent for the Chippewa Indians at La Pointe. His residence in the Lake Superior country dates back to 1865. Col. Knight has just built in Ashland much the largest and finest business block in the city. Its material is the best, the fronts being of brownstone, while iron and brick are liberally employed in other parts of the structure, and the architecture is notably handsome.

E. A. Shores, President of the Northern National Bank, was born in New Marlborough, Massachusetts, in 1845, and served during the war in an Indiana regiment. He has been in lumbering operations in Michigan first and



VAUGHN MEMORIAL LIBRARY BUILDING, ASHLAND.



THE LATE S. S. VAUGHN.



THE VAUGHN BUILDING, ASHLAND.



INTERIOR VIEW VAUGHN MEMORIAL LIBRARY, ASHLAND.

popular report he is the richest man in Ashland and his fortune has been wholly acquired in this region. He is an exceedingly active and enterprising business man and can always be counted on to take the lead in movements for the good of the city.

The late Hon. S. S. Vaughn was an Ohio man who came to the shores of Chequamegon Bay when the whole region was inhabited only by Indians, save the little settlement at Bayfield and the old mission village at La Pointe. He engaged in trade, acquired lands, and foresaw the de-

velopment of the future which was to make a city in the pioneers' clearings at the head of the bay. This foresight was the foundation of the handsome fortune he acquired. Mr. Vaughn held many public positions of honor and his death while still in the prime of life was deeply regretted. His work for the upbuilding of Ashland was not interrupted, however. It was carried on by his widow, a lady of unusual intelligence, cultivation and energy of character who ably manages the estate he left and who is foremost in all the best benevolent, social and musical movements in the city. Mrs. Vaughn's home overlooks the bay to which she came with her husband as pioneers

Col. John H. Knight, who has long been prominent in lumbering, banking and politics in Northern Wisconsin, was born in Dover, Delaware, in 1836, studied law, served with distinction in the Union army throughout the civil

afterwards in Wisconsin, ever since he took off the army blue and resumed the duties of citizenship, and is now at the head of the new Shores Lumber Company, one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the State.

Samuel S. Fiffeld is well-known all over Wisconsin as a prominent Republican politician, who has held many important public positions, among them being Speaker of the House, State Senator and Lieutenant Governor. He was a Maine boy, who migrated first to Illinois and then to Wisconsin and learned the printer's trade at Taylor's



E. A. SHORES, PRESIDENT NORTHERN NATIONAL BANK.



THOS. BARDON, PRESIDENT ASHLAND NATIONAL BANK.



DR. EDWIN ELLIS.



HON. S. S. FIFIELD.



HON. JOHN H. KNIGHT.

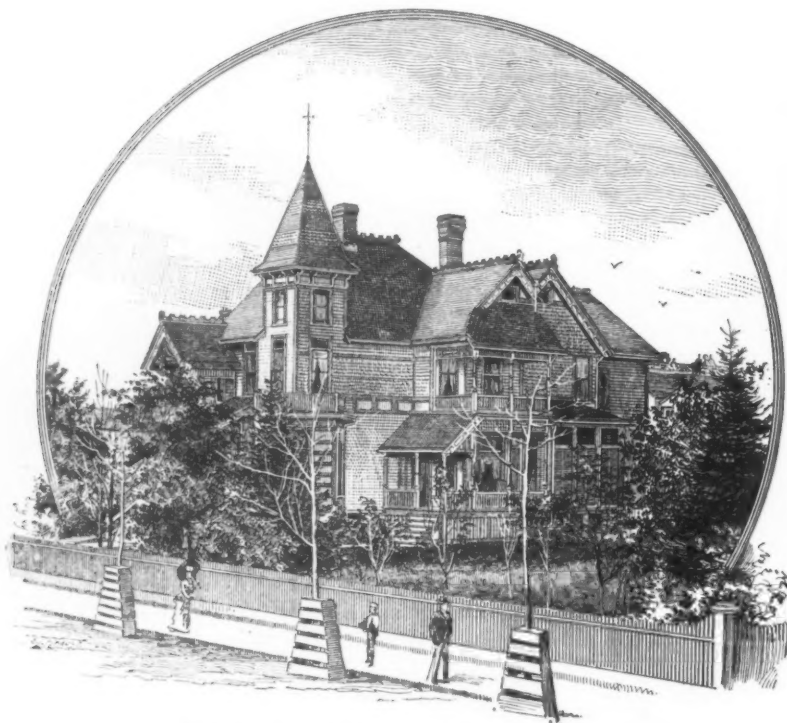


DR. GEO. W. HARRISON.



MRS. E. VAUGHN.

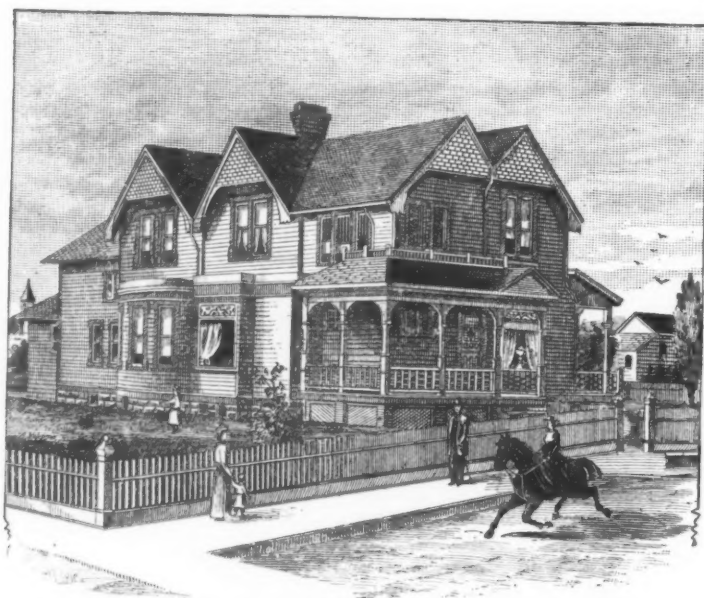
ASHLAND PORTRAITS.



ASHLAND.—RESIDENCE OF MRS. E. VAUGHN.



WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT, ASHLAND.



ASHLAND.—RESIDENCE OF THOMAS BARDON.

Falls. He started the *Ashland Press* in 1872 and was its owner and editor until a short time ago, when he sold it to the present publisher. Gov. Fildes' home on the bay front, with its broad lawns and superb harbor views, is one of the pleasantest spots in the Northwest.

Dr. Geo. W. Harrison, is comparatively a new-comer in Ashland, having settled here in 1881, but he is fairly entitled to rank with the prominent citizens of the place by reason of his activity and success in public affairs and in business enterprises. He has made a handsome fortune in mining, banking and real estate. He was born in Oldham, Lancashire, England, and graduated as a physician at Rush Medical College, Chicago.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL.

The Wisconsin Central is the pioneer road in Ashland. It first had the foresight to see the advantages for commerce of the harbor at the head of Chequamegon Bay and the enterprise to build a railroad through what was then the unbroken wilderness of Northern Wisconsin. Its improvements have always kept pace with the needs of the growing town. It owns the principal hotel, the Chequamegon House, built for the special purpose of attracting tourists and business men to the region. It also owns the great merchandise and coal dock where all the passenger steamers land and one of the great iron ore docks. Its Ashland station, which it shares with the Northern Pacific, is much the handsomest structure of its class in Northern Wisconsin and is the only first-class passenger depot in the city. It is built of brownstone and has spacious waiting-rooms, baggage rooms, toilet rooms, restaurant, etc. The road is the favorite route of travel between Ashland and the neighboring bay towns and Chicago, Milwaukee, Oshkosh and the East. Two daily through trains are run.

ASHLAND BANKS.

There are four banks in the city—the First National, Northern National, Ashland National and Security—all strong concerns and numbering among their directors the leading business men of the place. The Ashland National has an authorized capital of \$250,000, a paid in capital of \$50,000 and a surplus of \$34,000. Its officers are Thos. Bardon, President; Jno. H. Knight, Vice-President; N. I. Willey, Cashier. The directors are: N. I. Willey, Thomas Bardon, W. M. Tomkins, Jno. H. Knight, Sam S. Fildes, William Knight, Edwin Ellis, J. O. Hayes.

The First National occupies a handsome stone and brick building of its own and has a paid in capital of \$125,000. Its officers are Edwin Ellis, President; Sam S. Fildes, Vice-president; C. E. Street, Cashier. The directors are Edwin Ellis, Thomas Bardon, Sam S. Fildes, Wm. Knight, W. R. Sutherland, C. W. Harrison, Geo. H. Hopper, Jno. H. Knight, J. D. Hayes.

The Northern National occupies one of the largest and handsomest business blocks in the city. Its capital is \$100,000 and its surplus and undivided profits amount to \$23,000. In connection with the bank are safe deposit vaults. The officers and directors are as follows: E. A. Shores, President; F. Fischer, Vice-president; H. F. Balch, C. M. E. McClintock, Geo. F. Merrill, R. D. Pike, E. F. Gleason, M. R. Hunt, C. F. Latimer, Cashier.

The Security Savings Bank is a new institution started last Summer, with a capital of \$30,000. It has already a deposit account of nearly \$75,000. The officers are J. S. Ellis, President, and E. H. Ellis Assistant Cashier, with Edwin Ellis, J. S. Ellis and Geo. C. Loranger as directors. The bank has a handsome brownstone building.

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO.

This company is the direct successor of the Superior Lumber Company and with the change of name came a change in the management and stockholders that brought into the new company some of the wealthiest and best known lumbermen in the United States. The officers of the new company are J. W. Cochran, President and General Manager; Jno. E. Dubois, of Dubois, Pennsylvania, Vice-President and F. H. Payne, Secretary and Treasurer. The above named gentlemen together with E. R. Payne and J. Henry Cochran of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, constitute the stockholders of the new company. The company took possession of the plant a year ago since which time some valuable improvements have been made. The sketch of the plant that appears in this issue gives a very good idea of its location and extent. The new company owns and operates a line of boats that carries their product of 30,000,000 feet annually to their retail yards at Buffalo, New York. They own over 400,000,000 feet of standing pine tributary to Ashland and are now paying out \$12,500 per month in salaries. Aside from the Keystone Lumber Company, the stockholders are interested in various industries in the East among which are the Payne and McCormick bank of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and Payne, Cochran & Co., Lumber Manufacturers of Williamsport. All are well known men of high business and financial standing throughout the East and their acquisition to the old Superior Lumber Company at Ashland was of great advantage to the city and tributary county.

SHORES LUMBER COMPANY.

Though the date of commencing business of this company was April, 1890, it is by no means among the small

business industries of Northern Wisconsin. On the other hand, its president is such a well-known capitalist as E. A. Shores, President of the Northern National Bank, while the cashier of the same bank, Mr. C. F. Latimer is the Secretary of the Lumber Company. Mr. Shores is largely interested in pine land which was the direct cause of establishing the company in question, with the result that 400 men are given employment and over \$10,000 per month paid out in salaries. The company has three docks already completed and a fourth one under way, which will give it dockage facilities for 20,000,000 feet of lumber. The capacity of the new mill is 30,000,000 feet annually and the logs are conveyed to the water front by a railroad operated by the company. The plant represents an outlay of over \$150,000 and as an illustration of its success the output for the next six years is already contracted for.

W. R. DURFEE

is the owner of what was formerly the Minor Mill and is the last one toward the west end of the city. It was established in 1878, has a capacity of 10,000,000 feet annually,

Merrill has resided in Ashland seven years, having practiced law ten years before coming there. Mr. Smith is a graduate of the State University and came into the firm one year ago. The senior members of the firm are interested in different enterprises looking toward the building up of Ashland and have always taken an active part in promoting the city's interests both at home and abroad. Mr. Merrill is a member of the present Wisconsin State Senate.

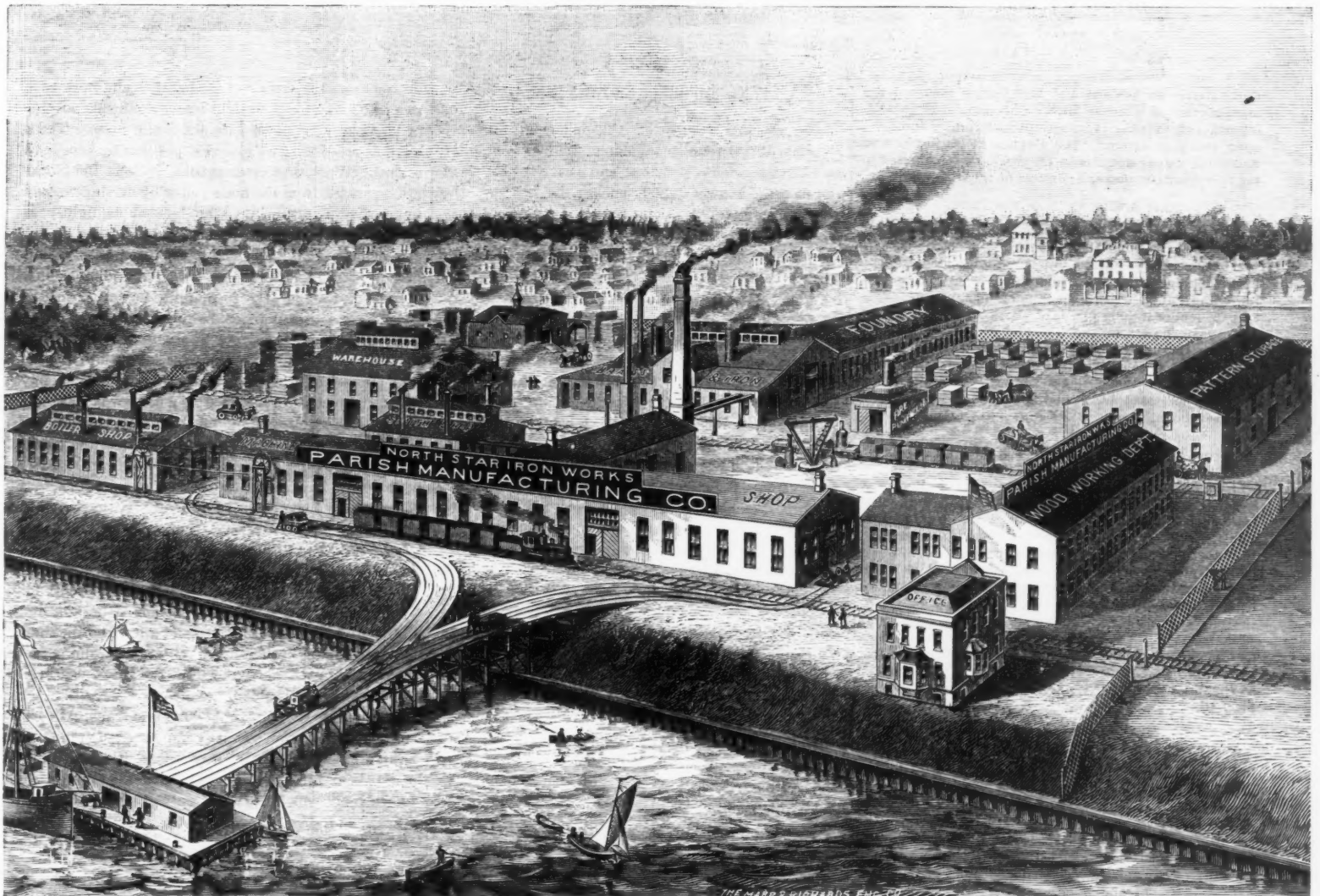
PARISH MANUFACTURING CO.,

which is the old North Star Iron Works of Minneapolis is by far the largest manufacturing institution of its kind in the Northwest. To quote their own words, their business is that of "Engineers, founders, machinists and boiler makers." They have a capacity of over five hundred employees, and make specialties of mining machinery, and saw mill machinery, Corliss Engines, Tange Bed, Automatic High Speed Engines and a complete line of boilers and power transmitting machinery; They have a modern, fully equipped plant, and a complete line of the largest and best patterns. The works are beautifully

Bardon, Vice-president; and Thomas A. Parish, Secretary. Directors: Edwin Ellis, John H. Knight, W. M. Tomkins, Thomas Bardon, Sam S. Fifield, Thomas A. Parish and W. F. Parish.

CONOVER, PORTER & PADLEY.

By far the best known and most talented architect in Northern Wisconsin is Allan D. Conover, the senior member of the above named firm. Mr. Conover came to Ashland three years ago after having filled the chair of Civil Engineering in the State University for three years. When he left the University he took with him as his assistant, Leo F. Porter, and together they opened offices in Ashland and Madison. Later when the increase of business demanded it, Mr. Horace E. Padley joined the firm and proved a valuable associate. They have a commodious office in the First National Bank building, which was the first structure in Ashland designed by Mr. Conover. Whatever buildings of importance that have been erected in Ashland during the past three years, Conover, Porter & Padley have designed. Among the best are: The Knight Block, First National Bank Build-



THE PARISH MANUFACTURING CO.'S PLANT, ASHLAND.

a water frontage of 1,100 feet and dockage extending into the bay 2,000 feet. The Omaha & Wisconsin Central railroads have side tracks to the plant. Seventy-five men are employed at the mill which represents a pay-roll of \$4,500 per month. Mr. Durfee has been in the city since 1872 and has a large circle of warm personal friends among whom he holds a high commercial position.

LAMOREUX, GLEASON, SHEA & WRIGHT.

On the second floor of the Northern National Bank Building are the commodious offices of this firm. All four are well known young gentlemen who have built up an enviable reputation as counselors and practitioners. Their practice takes them into the higher courts of the State, and, locally, into the towns tributary to Ashland.

TOMKINS, MERRILL & SMITH

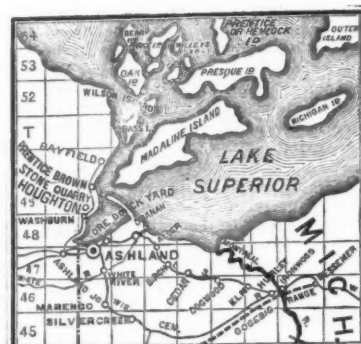
is the name of a firm of Attorneys that need no introduction to the residents of Northern Wisconsin. Mr. Tomkins has been United States Court Commissioner of Ashland for twelve years and has held almost every other office of trust in the gift of that county. Mr.

located on the banks of Chequamegon Bay, two and one-half miles from postoffice. They have built a good sized town for the accommodation of their men; good school houses and hotels close to works. These works were originally the old North Star Iron Works, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, moved to this location to obtain cheap freights by water, and get closer to iron ore, and manufacturers of charcoal pig iron. The works have been in operation here over a year and a half. They are constantly full of orders, and are holding out inducements to thoroughly reliable mechanics, skilled in their different branches, who have families, and will locate permanently with them. They are sending machinery to all parts of the country; doing a large trade with the South and far West, and furnishing a great deal of machinery for many of the leading mines on the Gogebic Range, and for the mills in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The management is in the hands of Mr. Parish, who has spent nearly thirty years at mechanical engineering. The officers of the company are as follows: W. F. Parish, President, Treasurer and General Manager; Thomas

ing, Vaughn Block, Security Bank Building, Breece and Peck Blocks, the County Jail and Judge Cochran's and R. C. Heydlauff's residences. In addition to the above the new High School and Ward School buildings are of their design, as are the five school buildings at Ironwood, Michigan, and those at Baraboo and Rhinelander, Wisconsin, and Alliance, Nebraska, and the county jails at La Crosse and Baraboo. Though doing an extensive business they find time to devote their personal attention to the buildings they are constructing and hence accomplish most excellent results. Several of the buildings mentioned appear among the Ashland institutions in this issue and others can be easily discerned from the large sketch that shows the new school building and Knight Block in the foreground.

GEORGE H. HOPPER.

is one of the best known hotel proprietors in the Northwest and it is his shrewd business capacity coupled with his agreeable manner and popularity with the traveling public that has made him successful where others have failed. He has for years been the proprietor of the



1. VIEW OF THE PRENTICE BROWNSTONE QUARRIES. 2. MAP OF CHEQUAMEGON BAY, SHOWING LOCATION OF BROWNSTONE QUARRIES.

Colby House at Ashland and last Spring assumed the management of the well-known Chequamegon with the intention of keeping that, heretofore Summer hotel—, open the year around. The Burton at Hurley is also under his management and all three are conducted to the entire satisfaction and comfort of their guests.

THE ASHLAND BOX FACTORY.

is in reality a part of the Doherty Mill Plant and is owned exclusively by B. Doherty and F. Monahan. It was only recently started but is well supplied with the best machinery made, as is the Doherty saw mill. It is built and supplied with machinery capable of using 8,000,000 feet of lumber per year. Both plants are located in the eastern part of the city and like all other plants have exceptionally fine dockage facilities. Both Mr. Doherty and Mr. Monahan are thoroughly familiar with every detail of the business and with the natural advantages possessed are sure to make the new venture a successful one.

VAN DOOSER & SANDON.

Prominent among the leading business men of Ashland will be found the Real Estate firm of Van Dooser & Sandon, whose advertisement appears opposite the first page of this number. While making a tour of observation about the city, the stranger is constantly reminded that there is such a Real Estate firm as Van Dooser & Sandon, and he becomes impressed with the idea that they are of the hustling, get-there kind; for the familiar legend "For sale by Van Dooser & Sandon" stares you in the face at every turn, whether along the principal business streets, or in the new additions just being placed on the market. One in search of bargains, would almost involuntarily wend his way to their office in Shore's block and if he has property for sale he knows where to place it.

HEYDLAUFF & OSBORNE.

R. C. Heydlauff and A. R. Osborne constitutes the above named firm. The former has represented the second ward in the City Council for some time and is at present the Receiver of the United States Land office and Secretary of the Business Men's Association. Mr. Osborne has been Deputy Register at the Land Office and is thoroughly posted on real estate values in and around Ashland. They make a specialty of dealing in pine and hardwood timber and mineral lands and loaning money for both resident and non-resident capitalists. Their offices are located in the First National Bank building and their references as business men are of the best.

ASHLAND'S STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1889.

We get from the annual business summaries of the Press, published at the close of the year 1889, the following figures:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Value of exports by lake..... | \$11,900,000 |
| Value of imports by lake..... | 9,367,678 |
| Number of vessels arrived..... | 3,171 |
| Value of lumber manufactured..... | 5,200,000 |
| " wholesale trade..... | 6,177,482 |
| " ore business..... | 9,000,000 |
| " brownstone..... | 500,000 |
| " vessel freights..... | 10,780,000 |
| " city improvements..... | 10,085,190 |
| Tons of ore received..... | 1,584,802 |
| Feet lumber manufactured Ashland district.... | 222,077,806 |
| Feet lumber shipped wholesale trade..... | 179,954,625 |
| Number miles railroad tributary..... | 2,160 |
| Value agricultural product Ashland County.... | 628,500 |
| Number of city school children..... | 2,006 |
| Total amount pounds railroad business..... | 483,415,430 |
| Total amount feet brownstone output..... | 804,429 |

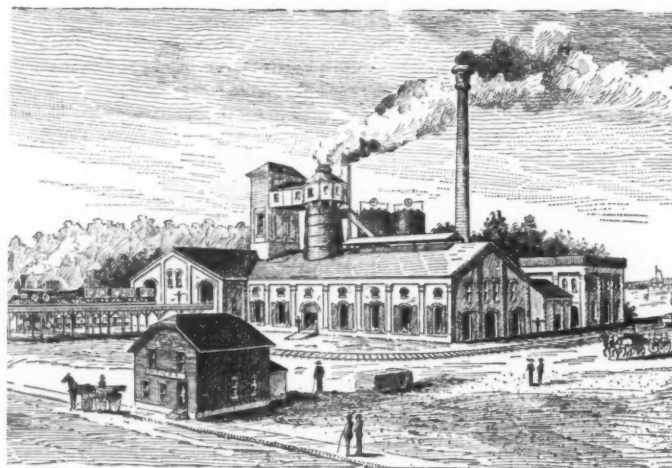
LAKE SUPERIOR BROWNSTONE.

The western shores of Chequamegon Bay are ribbed with the reddish sandstone known to builders as Lake Superior brownstone and so are the shores of the Apostle Islands which shelter the bay from the winds and waves of Lake Superior. It is no easy matter, however, to open a good quarry, for such a quarry must have a combination of favorable conditions. In the first place the stone must be near the surface, so there will be no heavy expense for "stripping." Then it must be free from breaks, of even quality and of nearly uniform color. Finally it must be so situated that shipments can be made by both rail and water. The last requirement limits the region of successful quarries to the immediate shore line of the bay between Washburn and Bayfield where one of the lines of the Omaha road runs. Much the largest quarries are those of the Prentice Brownstone Company, at Houghton, three miles north of Washburn. They are comparatively new, having first been opened only three years ago. Mr. Prentice, the President of the company, is a man of great energy and large resources and he has unlimited faith in the future of this Lake Superior building stone. He has opened a market for it as far east as New York City and as far south as Cincinnati. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, Chicago and many Western cities it has long been a favorite with architects. The texture of the stone is fine and even, it does not suffer from heat or frost and the color darkens and mellows with age like that of good mahogany.

The Prentice Company is now working three openings with over 300 men and has stone enough "in sight" on contiguous land tested by the diamond drill to last for a century. Every modern invention that facilitates work and lessens labor in quarrying is in use here. Channeling engines, resembling little locomotives run

on tracks on the surface of the benches and work each two drills which cut straight seams from side to side of the quarry far down into the stone mass. These engines are lifted and placed in position by enormous cranes. When the cross-cutting is done the blocks are separated from the mass below by driving wedges under them and they are then hoisted as lightly as though they were bales of cotton and loaded on flat cars or placed on the stock piles. In the saw mill near at hand the blocks are sawed into dimensions. Most of the stone goes to market, however, just as it comes from the quarries, in huge blocks from six to twelve feet long, from four to six feet wide and two to four feet thick. From the refuse of the mill and the pits two wharves have been built out into the bay about 400 feet and connected by a cross wharf at their ends. Rail tracks run out on them from the quarries and two big steam cranes pick up the stone and transfer it to vessels.

So active have been the season's operations that the company has now piled up ready for the demands of the coming Winter and Spring nearly \$200,000 worth of stone. A large stock is necessary in the stone business for operations on a large scale. It enables the quarry company to take large orders for public buildings and other important structures and fill them at once and thus gives it a hold on the market that no small concern can obtain. A single fact in conclusion will suffice to show the value as a business proposition of this large quarry enterprise is the fact that their stripping quarrying and transporting is so cheaply done the company can now put stone into New York and Eastern cities fifteen hundred miles distant and sell it in competition with the Connecticut brownstone, which is hauled only about one hundred miles. This fact shows both the superiority of the Prentice Brownstone and its admirable situation for economical quarrying and shipment.



WORKS OF THE ASHLAND IRON & STEEL CO., ASHLAND.

THE GOGEBIC IRON MINES.

There is a little strip of country lying across the boundary line between the upper peninsula of Michigan and Northern Wisconsin which is one of the greatest wealth-producing regions of its size on the face of the globe. It is only twenty miles long and its width is less than one-third of a mile; yet its annual product is ten million of dollars. I doubt whether there can be found anywhere else on the earth's surface, with the exception of the diamond fields of Africa and the silver and copper camp of Butte, Montana, a district of no greater area, where nature regularly yields, year by year, such a vast and bountiful store of wealth. Yet this fabulous wealth does not consist in any precious product of gems, or gold, or silver, it is only the common-place useful metal, iron. The ten million of dollars worth of material looks like red clay mixed with red stones. It is dug and shoveled like so much dirt.

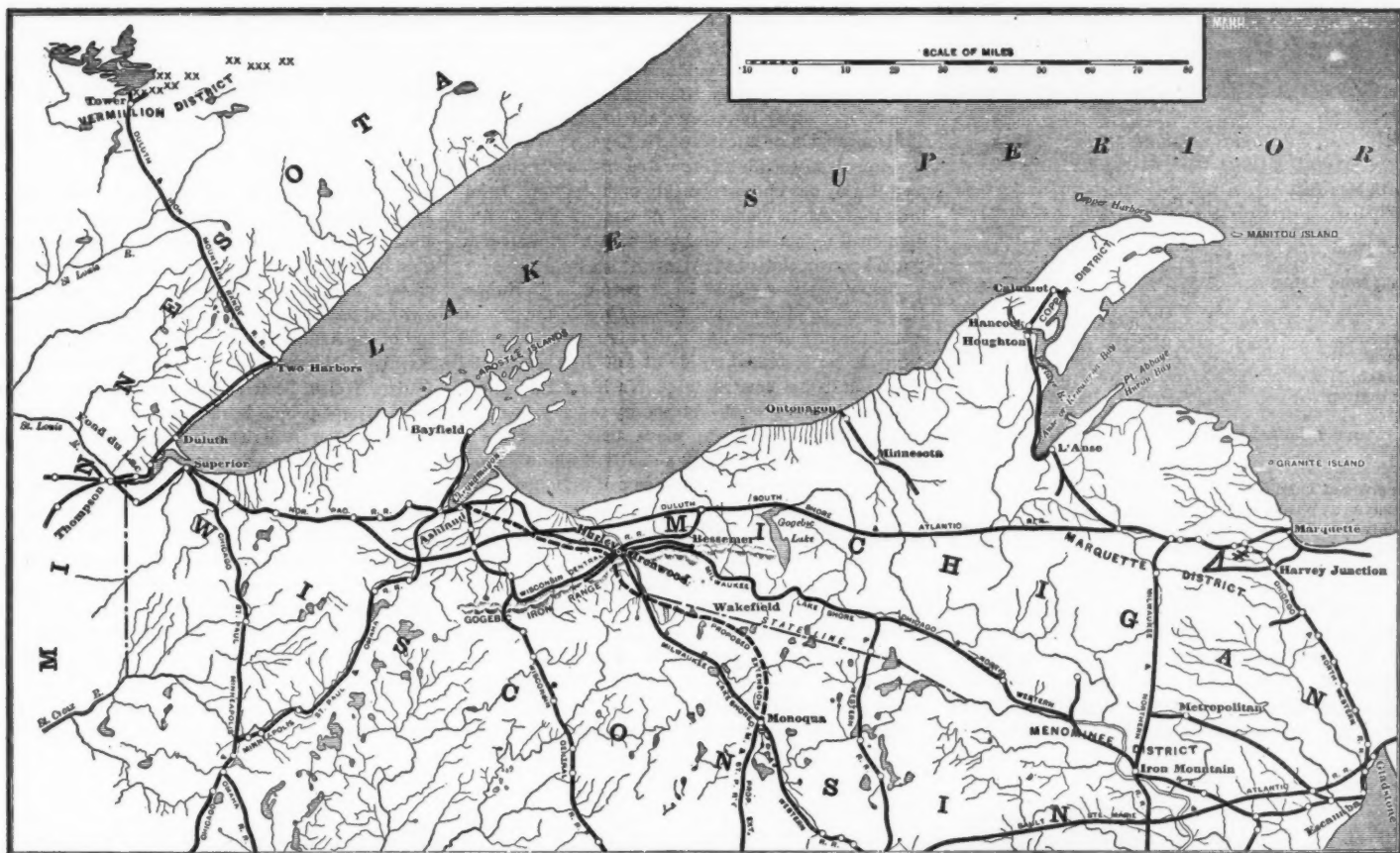
The strip of country of which I speak is known as

Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburg. The Penokee-Gogebic Range runs parallel with Lake Superior and at a distance of about fifteen miles from the lake. The mines are only about thirty-five miles from the excellent harbor of Ashland. When the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railroad was persuaded to change its lake terminus from Ontonagon to Ashland, so as to build along the iron range, the development of the mines was assured. The first ore shipments were made in 1885 from the Germania and Colby mines, the pioneers of the range. In 1886 the great ore dock was built at Ashland and active operations in mining, exploring and speculating began all along the range. In 1887 the Wisconsin Central Railroad built its Penokee Branch to the mines and constructed an ore dock at Ashland. Speculation was then at its height and hundreds of stock companies were formed based on nothing more tangible than the possession by purchase or lease of mere prospects on the range or of land that had not even been shown to contain any ore at all. Ashland, Milwaukee, Chicago

believed, that much of the gap between Bessemer and Wakefield will in time be closed up and that west of Hurley the producing mines will eventually extend for a distance of twenty miles to the Penokee Gap.

The following tables of shipments for the year 1889 show the names and relative importance of the producing mines and the points of lake shipments to which their ores were sent:

| ASHLAND—LAKE SHORE DOCKS. | | |
|---------------------------|--|---------|
| MINES | | TONS. |
| Anvil..... | | 36,127 |
| Ashland..... | | 1,565 |
| Aurora..... | | 196,732 |
| Ironwood..... | | 3,133 |
| Brotherton..... | | 52,097 |
| West Cary..... | | 12,911 |
| Cary..... | | 25,071 |
| Trezona..... | | 37,747 |
| Father Hennepin..... | | 38,798 |
| Germania..... | | 50,825 |
| Mt. Hope..... | | 25,882 |
| Iron King..... | | 11,105 |
| Ironton..... | | 8,635 |



MAP OF THE MINING DISTRICTS AROUND LAKE SUPERIOR.

the Gogebic Iron Range. It is a low ridge, densely covered with a growth of the hard woods native to this northern climate, with a sprinkling of tamaracks, cedars, poplars and Norway pines. The forest is as dense as ever save where it has been felled to make room for the works and shafts of the mines and for the towns supported by the mines. That part of the ridge lying in Wisconsin was formerly called the Penokee Range and the part lying in Michigan received the name of the Gogebic Range from a handsome lake at its base. In the first rush of explorers and miners which followed the discovery of iron and the building of a railroad, the Michigan name obtained general currency and is now applied to the whole iron region. Where the word Penokee is now used it is generally understood to apply to the far western end of the range, where new mines have lately been opened and where much exploring is still in progress.

There is lots of iron ore in regions where there are no iron mines. A successful mine nowadays requires a large deposit of ore of a high quality and a location favorable for getting it to such great iron markets as

and Minneapolis were flooded with stock of these bubble companies. There was at one time an iron exchange in Chicago for the sale of Gogebic stocks and in Milwaukee a trade journal was published to record their ups and downs. Before the Summer of 1888 the bubble companies had all collapsed and the good producing mines had passed into the hands of strong corporations. It was definitely ascertained that the iron belt was only about 800 feet wide and that ore was not continuous on it, but lay in lense-shaped deposits of varying diameters, sloping down at an angle of about twenty degrees and of unknown depth. Taking the Montreal River, which is the Inter-State boundary, as a central point, the deposits thus far developed extend eastward for about seven miles to Bessemer, and then there is a break of six miles beyond which are the mines of Wakefield, on Sunday Lake. West of the river, in Wisconsin the ore lenses occur pretty regularly for a distance of about five miles and beyond, for five miles more they have been found at longer intervals. The extreme western limit of the ore has not yet been fixed. It is

| | |
|----------------------|---------|
| Norrie X..... | 30,543 |
| East Day Norrie..... | 5,095 |
| Day Norrie..... | 8,709 |
| Norrie..... | 134,721 |
| Norrie East..... | 94,712 |
| Odanah..... | 5,930 |
| Palms..... | 10,203 |
| Pabst..... | 76,203 |
| Pence..... | 574 |
| Albany..... | 19,386 |
| Ruby..... | 4,173 |
| Ruby South Vein..... | 5,289 |
| Windsor..... | 14,576 |
| Total..... | 910,832 |

| ASHLAND—WISCONSIN CENTRAL DOCK. | | |
|---------------------------------|--|---------|
| MINES | | TONS. |
| Ashland..... | | 219,708 |
| Germania..... | | 50,891 |
| South Colby..... | | 50,112 |
| South 15 Colby..... | | 10,280 |
| Selwood Colby..... | | 25,602 |
| Montreal..... | | 10,096 |
| Iron Belt..... | | 51,557 |
| Colby Beaver..... | | 49,894 |
| South Section 33..... | | 45,222 |
| North Section 33..... | | 24,285 |



ALTON L. DICKERMAN, MANAGER PENOKEE AND GOGEBIC CONS. MINES.

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| North Montreal..... | 26,498 |
| Globe..... | 9,813 |
| Total..... | 573,968 |

Total from Ashland..... 1,484,802

ESCANABA.

| | |
|-----------------|---------|
| Cary..... | 9,201 |
| Norrie..... | 287,275 |
| Odanah..... | 362 |
| Brotherton..... | 1,170 |

Total from Ashland..... 298,008

SUMMARY.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Received at Lake Shore Docks..... | 910,832 |
| Received at Wisconsin Central Dock..... | 573,968 |
| Received at Escanaba..... | 298,008 |
| Received for Ashland furnace..... | 65,000 |
| Received for other furnaces..... | 35,000 |

Total product for 1889..... 1,882,898

The output of the range for 1890 will be a little over 2,000,000 tons. A few mines have been opened and the shipments of the principal mines will as a rule exceed those of last year. Am I not right in saying that this Gogebic Range is a wonderful little

strip of country? A few years ago it was a leafy solitude. Now it swarms with a busy industrial life. Twenty thousand people gain their livelihood here. Large towns have sprung up. The long red ore trains come and go at all hours of the day and night. All civilized nations are represented in the population. Here are big stores, new spapers, hotels, theaters, churches and electric lights. Yet, if you go a mile north or south off of this little strip of intense human activity, the solitude of the forest is still as unbroken as ever.

IRONWOOD.

The chief town of the Gogebic region bears the appropriate name of Ironwood. It lives on iron and it is surrounded by wood. The derricks and ore piles of the largest mine in the region, the Norrie, and of its big neighbor, the Ashland, loom up at one end of the main street and the luxuriant hard-wood forest, which for a long time concealed the treasures of ore from the eager search of many explorers, envelops the place on all sides. On the west the city's boundary line is the Montreal River, also the boundary between Michigan and Wisconsin, and just across the river is the town of Hurley. Ironwood is in Michigan; Hurley is in Wisconsin. Ironwood is incorporated with a city charter; Hurley has only a township organization. It follows that certain elements of population not fond of municipal regulation prefer to establish themselves on the Wisconsin side of the river.

The late census found 7,800 people in Ironwood. Five years ago the ancient forest covered the ground where the city now stands. Here is a growth that deserves to be celebrated beside that of the phenomenal towns out in the new State of Washington. And it is no mushroom growth—no shanty town of roaming people always ready to move on. The place is actually rich in its regularly monthly revenue. From the mines which support it the sum of \$175,000 every month is paid to men actually employed in mining and handling ore and in other forms of mining labor, and when the teamsters, the train men, the woodcutters and others indirectly maintained by the iron industry are included in the recount the total is easily run up to \$250,000 per month. This is a big sum of money to be paid to labor in a town of the size of Ironwood and paid, too, as punctually as the monthly pay-day comes around.

The Ironwood mines are the Ashland, the Norrie,



S. S. CURRY, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN IRON AND LAND CO.

the East Norrie, the Aurora, the Pabst and the Mount Hope, and they are all included in the municipal limits. They employ about 3,500 men. What kind of men? do you ask. Well, a wonderful varied mosaic of humanity, drawn from nearly all the civilized nations of the globe. I looked over the payroll of the Ashland mine and found Polish, Bohemian, Swedish, Norwegian, German, Finnish, French, Italian, Welsh, Scotch and American names. Yet all these diverse people work together in harmony, and thanks to our American public school system their children are being educated in American ideas and will become good, American citizens. United in toil the foreigners are divided in their social life and their religious worship; but the schools will fully amalgamate the young generation. Wages are good in the mines and work is steady. Good men average \$3 a day. Many, working on contracts, earn five and six. The Scandinavians and Germans buy ground and build homes; the others are more apt to congregate in lodgings and in boarding houses.

The Norrie is the greatest under-ground iron mine in the world. Its output is surpassed in magnitude

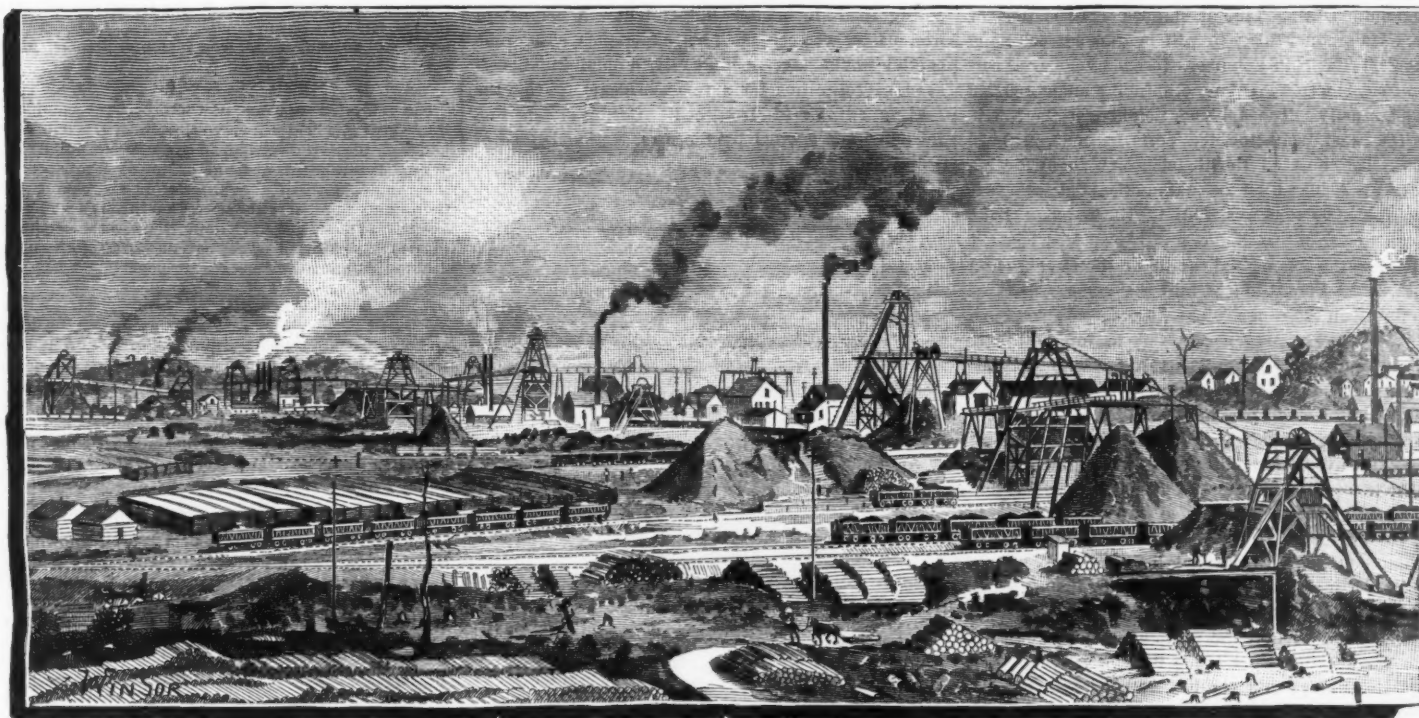


E. A. HAYES, OF THE ASHLAND IRON MINING CO.

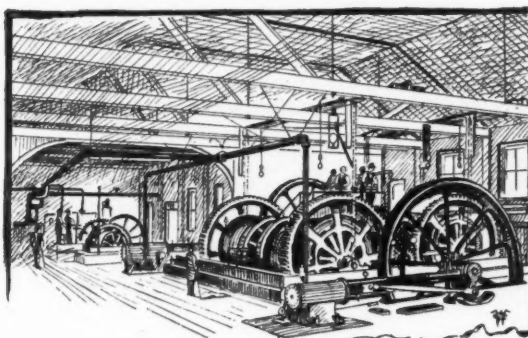


J. O. HAYES, TREASURER OF THE ASHLAND IRON MINING CO.

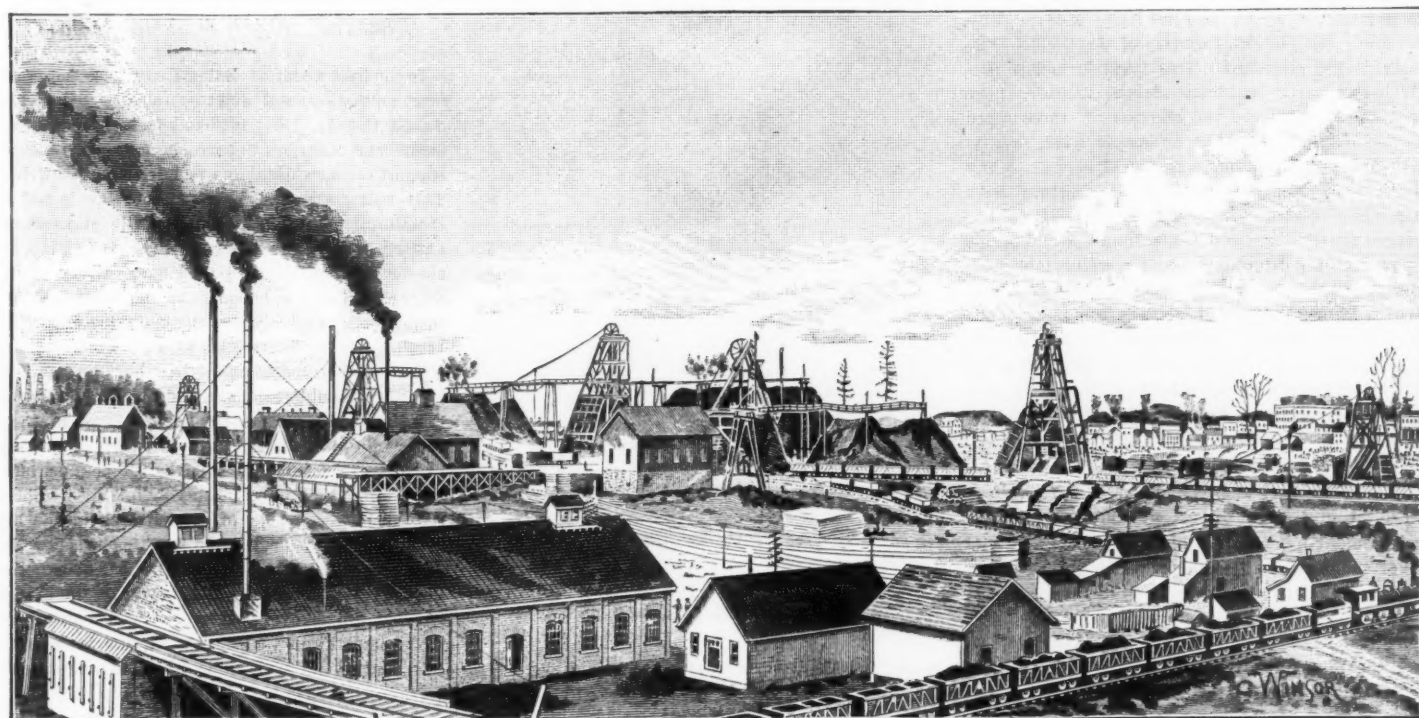
IRONWOOD PORTRAITS.



VIEW OF THE WEST NORRIE MINE. OUTPUT FOR 1889, 674,394 TONS.



INTERIOR POWER HOUSE, ASHLAND MINE.



VIEW OF THE ASHLAND MINE.

VIEWS IN IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN.

only by one open mine in Pennsylvania and three in England. During 1889 it shipped 421,996 tons of ore. Its product this year will be over 500,000 tons. The East Norrie, its neighbor, worked by the same corporation, is also a great mine, shipping about 100,000 tons annually. The Ashland, neighbor to the Norrie on the west, sent to lake ports in 1889, 218,273 tons. The bulk of the Gogebic ores go to the big docks at Ashland on Lake Superior, but last year nearly 300,000 tons were sent to Escanaba on Lake Michigan.

Here at the commercial capital of the Gogebic iron belt is a good point to look into the general features of mining on the range. The Gogebic ores run from fifty-eight to sixty-seven per cent in iron and probably average sixty-four. They are low in phosphorus which makes them Bessemer ores, the average being .038. Only a small part of the output is too high in phosphorus to come within the Bessemer standard. The extensive variation in price, owing to differences in the percentage of iron and phosphorus, is one dollar a ton. It costs from one to two dollars a ton to get the ore out and put it on the cars. Freight to Ashland including dockage is seventy cents a ton. Ore is worth about \$5 a ton on the cars at the mines. The Lake freight rate to Cleveland, Ashtabula or Erie is \$1.25. Where the mining company does not own the fee to its ore lands it pays a royalty—in some cases fifty cents per ton, in others an amount depending on the price of iron. Some of the most important of the producing mines are worked upon the royalty system.

Ironwood is fast becoming the mercantile center of the entire Gogebic region. The original small stores for the sale of miner's supplies are giving place to large and handsome buildings filled with heavy stocks of merchandize. The original business street has been almost entirely rebuilt with brick buildings and three of the cross streets are now occupied in some part by business concerns. On one of these cross streets stands the new Hotel Curry, erected by subscriptions of public spirited citizens, a three story brick building of plain but comfortable and roomy style, containing sixty-four sleeping apartments. The need of such a hotel has been long felt and its opening, to take place soon, will do a great deal towards centering travel and trade in the town. A large dry-goods store is one of the latest additions to Ironwood's trade facilities. A first-class furniture store is needed. The banking business is done by two concerns, of which the First National is the principal one. Mr. Nelson, formerly of Janesville, Wisconsin, is the president. This bank is housed in a new brown stone building. School facilities have just been enlarged by the erection of three ward school buildings. There is an ample water-supply, an electric light plant and a system of sewers. Many dwellings of handsome modern architecture have been lately erected. In brief, the whole place has emerged in less than two years from the conditions of a raw mining camp to those of a well-established, orderly, comfortable and prosperous town. Above the mixed lower stratum of laborers from many lands is now found a large intelligent population of American birth forming a refined society, and among the miners themselves are hundreds of ambitious men who regularly devote a part of their earnings to the purchase of homes and who are steadfast friends of education and good order.

The business men of Ironwood desire to call attention to the advantages offered by their town for the establishment of a charcoal blast furnace. The success of the furnace at Ashland, which has now been in operation for two years demonstrates that charcoal iron can be made at a satisfactory and steady profit in this region. Now the ores could be taken directly from the mines at Ironwood to the furnace, thus saving the rail haul of the raw material. Charcoal could be made in the immediate vicinity from the abundant timber of the region and another saving effected in transport; the pig iron product of the furnace would be shipped by rail to Chicago and other

iron markets from the furnace door; with two competing roads to bid for the freight. A competent iron-master who can back his experience with some capital would have no difficulty in obtaining liberal stock subscriptions for a furnace company from the leading citizens of Ironwood. Correspondence on the subject is invited by the First National Bank of Ironwood.



E. D. NELSON, CASHIER FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF IRONWOOD.

SOME IRONWOOD BUSINESS INDUSTRIES.

One of the largest hardware houses on the Gogebic Range is that of Fred A. Prescott, at Ironwood, a cut of whose brick building appears with the other illustrations of that thriving young city. Mr. Prescott came to Ironwood from Marinette, Wisconsin, five years ago and has held a leading position among merchants and enterprising citizens ever since. Besides having a handsome residence and a large mercantile business he is a stockholder



DR. J. A. McLEOD, PROPRIETOR OF THE UNION HOSPITAL, IRONWOOD.

in the First National Bank, stockholder and director in the Electric Company, director in the First National Bank of Hurley and a heavy stockholder in the new hotel company. Some of the specialties Mr. Prescott carries in his hardware and mill supply stock are the goods of the Marinette Iron Works Company, Chisholm Steel Shovel Works, Standard Oil Company for Gogebic Range,

Ohio Coal Company for Gogebic Range, Shields & Brown Company, Crescent Steel Company, Cameron steam pumps, Knowles steam pumps, engines and boilers, steel and iron hoisting rope, iron pipe and fittings, mining candles.

DAVIS & FEHR.

The new business block, now in process of completion, into which this firm will move November 1, is one of the handsomest in Ironwood and cost \$20,000 to build. Their dry goods business is also one of the most prosperous in the range. Both of the proprietors are young men, thoroughly familiar with the region through which their business extends and have built it up as the demands of the country required. They carry a \$50,000 stock and do a business running over \$100,000 per year.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.

Another new building that adds greatly to the appearance of the Main Street of Ironwood is the new St. James Hotel, of which C. J. Laughren is the owner and proprietor. Mr. Laughren has been in the hotel business on the range for five years, is well known and universally liked by the traveling public. His new hostelry has thirty-eight rooms, supplied with all the modern conveniences including steam heat and electric light. A cut of the building appears in this issue.

KALLANDER & JOHNSON.

The senior member of this firm is well known on the Gogebic Range as an enterprising and shrewd business man who has amassed a handsome competency during his five years residence at Bessemer and Ironwood. He is a large owner of timber and mineral land, and real estate in the above mineral cities.

O. E. LEWIS—INSURANCE.

Mr. Lewis can be said to practically control the insurance business for Ironwood and Hurley. The combined assets of the companies represented by him are nearly \$150,000,000 and any company seeking to do business on the Gogebic Range first try to make him their agent, failing in which they do the best they can elsewhere. Mr. Lewis has been on the Range since 1887 and is familiar with every industry represented and personally acquainted with nearly all the people. Besides his own business he has time to take an active part in all matters looking towards promoting the city's interests. He has one of the most attractive homes in the city and is a large holder of real estate.

PETER JOHNSON & CO.,

is the name of a firm that carries on a grocery and dry goods business in two different locations in Ironwood and that does an exceptionally prosperous business in each. Before entering the mercantile business Mr. Healey was in the Bank of Ironwood and afterward manager of a large retail lumber business. Both gentlemen are largely interested in the development of mining properties on the range, one of which, the "Daughter" is a most promising one. Their business extends into all the towns on the range among the residents of which they have an exceptionally good commercial standing.

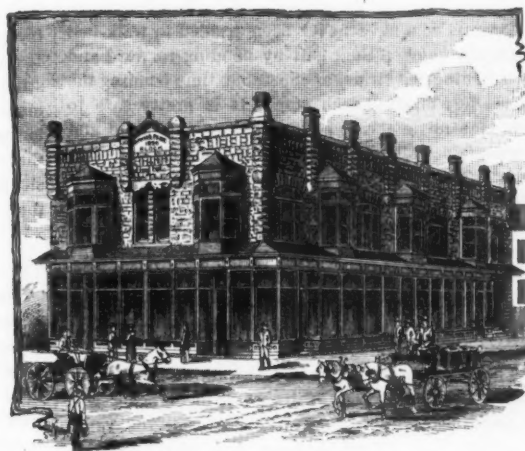
BRAVEST WOMAN IN SKAGIT COUNTY.

In the backwoods of Baker River lives the bravest, most industrious and most courageous little lady in Skagit County. Her husband is a man of limited means and often has to leave home to earn means to support them, while they are improving their home. This being the first year, their place is not self-sustaining, and in such cases his wife stays at home entirely alone. All the company she has is a Winchester rifle and a three-pound axe. Every morning after she does her housework, she takes her three-pound axe and goes to clearing, chopping and burning brush. She is determined to have a self-sustaining and profitable home, and when her husband is at home she shoulders her axe and goes to clearing with him, in spite of his protests against it. She says she can chop to the heart of a tree nearly as quickly as he can. This lady only weighs 105 pounds, but she has a ton of ambition and staying qualities. She was rocked in the cradle of ease, raised in the lap of luxury, is well educated and the life she is now living is entirely foreign to her. She has had no experience in roughing it, but she is not one of the kind that sits and whines over past lore. She has strong arms, a brave heart and a willing mind, and is determined to surmount the worst difficulties and reap a reward. LaComer (Wash.) Mail.

The average cost of constructing a mile of railroad in the United States at the present time is about \$30,000.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK.



THE DAVIS & FEHR BLOCK.

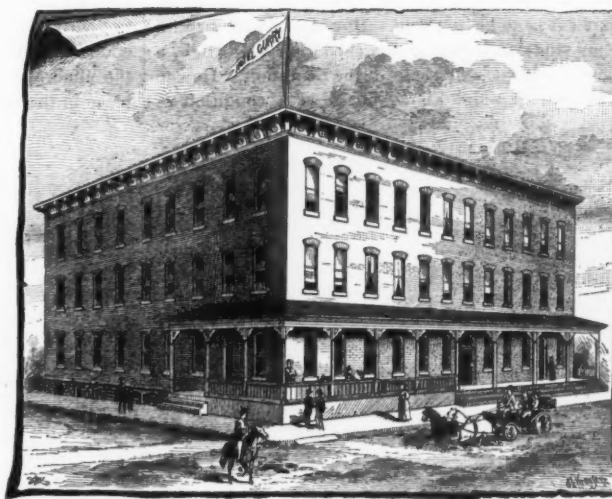


INTERIOR VIEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK.



PRESCOTT BLOCK.

VIEWS IN IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN.



THE HOTEL CURRY.



THE VAL BLATZ BREWING CO.'S PLANT.

HOW TO WALK FAST.

Persons who have never been trained to walk fast generally quicken their gait by bending forward and lengthening the stride, at the same time bending the knees very much at each step. It is pretty safe to say that no one can possibly adopt this style and keep a fair walk at a faster gait than six miles an hour. The fast walker must keep himself erect, his shoulders back and chest thrown out. He must put his forward foot and heel first, and with the leg straight. He must take strides so quick that they look short. He must, if he expects to get a good stride, work his hips considerably, overcoming the sidewise tendency of the hip movement by a compensatory swinging of the arms.

The length of the stride in fast walking is astonishing to those who look at it. A little figuring will make it clear why this is so. There are 1,760 yards in a mile, or 1,760 strides three feet long. To do a mile in eight minutes a walker must cover 220 yards a minute, or eleven feet a second. Now 220 steps a minute—nearly four a second—is pretty quick work, as anyone may discover for himself. Even three steps a second, or 180 to the minute, seems quick. The chances are that your eight-minute man, although his legs move so quickly that the steps seem short, is not doing as many as 200 steps to the minute, and consequently that the stride is at least three feet six inches. With a little practice a man six feet high can easily maintain a four-foot stride for half a mile.

—*London Society Times.*

DO YOU RIZZLE?

Do you rizzle every day? Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says that it is the most wonderful aid to perfect health. "I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family or friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study and, having darkened the room, I light a cigar, sit down, and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as

nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain; I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes, sometimes twenty. That is the condition most healthy to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping while eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than ten minutes' rizzle every day."—*The Chatter.*

THE RATIONAL USE OF MEDICINE.

Nothing indicates more clearly the modern progress of medicine than the disappearance of the bulky and disagreeable boluses, powders, draughts, and mixtures which the physicians of former times administered to their patients, in many cases with but little effect except to put an additional burden upon an already wearied and overloaded stomach. The homeopathic physicians have at least shown that excessive medication is unnecessary, and that medication at all will result in an equal number of cures in a great majority of cases, while the present tendency of all schools of medicine is to limit their prescriptions, both in number and quantity, and place more reliance upon hygienic and sanitary precautions, combined with watchful and experienced nursing and care. The philosophy of prescribing what are popularly known as "medicines" is really a very simple matter. It is a well-known fact that certain substances, when taken into the system, produce certain physiological effects. Thus, opium and its alkaloids produce sleep, ipecac causes vomiting, quinine is found to have a remarkable power of controlling intermittent fevers, and so on, through the list. There is really no difference between a medicine and a poison, except in the violence of its action; and, in fact some of the most powerful poisons are found to be valuable medicinal agents when administered in minute doses. The scientific physician, therefore, will not attempt to "cure" a disease by any specific remedy, but will endeavor to fully understand the cause and nature of the abnormal physiological action which is taking place in the system of his patient. As the action of

medicines is very variable in different persons, and under different conditions of the disease, the necessity of skillful medical attendance, and the folly of depending upon the various widely-advertised patent medicines is evident.—*Popular Science News.*

A CURIOUS LITTLE RAILROAD.

"You fellows down here can talk about your railroads, but I have struck the biggest thing in the way of a railroad in the West that I ever saw in my life." He was a big Wall Street operator who had just returned from a trip over the Illinois Central, and he was telling his experiences to a group in Delmonico's, says the *New York Times*.

"It's a little single track, narrow gauge road, and I discovered it in a rich farming portion of Central Illinois. It is owned and run by the farmers, and all the hands from engineer down are farmer's sons. The stations are the farm houses along the line, and there's one through train a day—all freight, with one passenger car hitched on. There is no telegraph or block system, for there can be no collision. Nobody knows when a train is coming until it is in sight. The rails are laid on ties placed on the virgin prairie and there is no roadbed and no grades.

"Notwithstanding all this it carries lots of freight in the way of produce from the farms to a branch of the Illinois Central, and it pays the farmers who own it well. It has no name and you won't find it in Poor's Manual."



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



THE CITY HALL.

IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN.

BESSEMER.

Bessemer is the county-seat of the new county of Gogebic, created after the iron discoveries brought population to the Gogebic Range. It is a compact town of about 3,000 people, built in a valley and along the slope of a ridge, at the top of which is the great Colby mine. This mine started the town and is still much the strongest factor in maintaining it. The Colby was until recently the heaviest producer on the range and is now out-ranked only by the Norrie, at Ironwood. It first shipped ore in 1885, sending that year 81,000 tons to market. In 1886 it shipped 251,000 tons; in 1887, 244,000; in 1888, 261,000; in 1889, 127,000 and this year it will ship not far from 250,000. At first it was worked in two open cuts and in those days it used to put ore on the cars at a cost of only fifty cents a ton. Now it is a shaft mine, like all the others, and its lowest level is 490 feet down. It belongs to the Penokee and Gogebic Development Company which also owns the Palms mine near Ironwood, and the Aurora and the Superior near Hurley. This corporation owns two miles in length of territory along the range east of Bessemer, all of it believed to be good iron ground. Its present workings in the Colby and the Palms cover only half a mile in extent and it has therefore a mile and a half for future operations. East of the Palms are the Anvil and the Eureka mines, and next are the Federal, the Phoenix and the Ruby. These seven mines are directly tributary to Bessemer and their united monthly pay-rolls distribute

frame structures. Many pretty dwellings are noticeable, and on the top of the hill, near the Colby mine, stands the best example of what can be accomplished with logs in house architecture I have ever seen. It is a large dwelling—the foundation of stone, the walls of round rough logs with ends painted red, big outside chimneys at the gable's steep roof, and a recessed piazza with logs for pillars. With an environment of trees and lawn and a view looking down over the town and northward over twenty miles of forest tops to the Porcupine Range, this log house must be a delightful home.

Bessemer is more of a railroad center than any other place in the region. It has three roads; the other towns on the range have two. The Penokee Branch of the Wisconsin Central ends here, and climbs the hills with its spurs to the mines. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western runs its main line through the town and also reaches out spurs for

nitro-glycerine mixed with wood flour. The flour is made by grinding hard-wood, and the supply all comes from one factory in the State of New York. The proportion of this pulverized wood mixed with the nitro-glycerine determines the explosive strength of the powder. For soft ore mining twenty-seven per cent. of nitro-glycerine is used, but there are grades made as high as seventy-five per cent. The function of the wood flour is, in reality, to serve as a buffer for the explosive substance, so it can be handled with safety. Giant powder is made in the form of sticks eight inches long and of various diameters to fit the various sizes of drill holes. It can be transported by rail without danger. In exploding it a fulminate cap is used strong enough to blow a hole through thick sheet iron. The nitro-glycerine is a mixture of glycerine with sulphuric and nitric acids. It is an innocent-looking preparation, resembling starch mixed with water. "If you were



CITY HALL.



THE GOGEBIC HOSPITAL.



GOGEBIC COUNTY COURT HOUSE.



BESSEMER HIGH SCHOOL.



ST JAMES HOTEL.

VIEWS IN BESSEMER, MICHIGAN.

\$40,000 among their working forces, nearly all of which is spent in the town. There is said to be three times as much undeveloped iron territory necessarily tributary to Bessemer as there is now worked, and on the working of this new territory Bessemer builds its hopes of further growth. "When it is all opened up we shall have a town three times as large as we now have," say the citizens.

At one end of the town stands the handsomest court-house in Northern Michigan. It is built of Portage Entry red sandstone and cost \$47,000. The fall of trap rock quarried in the mountain-side half a mile distant is also a very creditable affair. It is a pity that the court-house was not placed on the hill-slope instead of down in the valley by the railroad tracks. One other public building merits mention—the school-house, for which a commanding site was chosen. There has been no renovating fire in Bessemer and the business buildings are the original

ore freight. The Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic passes through on its way from Duluth eastward to Marquette and Saulte Ste. Marie. There is talk of a gravity railroad for ore shipments running down to the lake at the mouth of Black River but such an enterprise, if practicable, must wait the creation by the Government of harbor facilities at the river entrance.

Bessemer has a manufacturing concern of considerable importance, which most visitors to the town are content to view at long range—I mean the works of the Gogebic Powder Company making nitro-glycerine and giant powder. The monthly product of giant powder is fifty tons, a large part of which is used in the mines on the range. Shipments are made to Montana and other mining regions in the far West. I had an interesting talk with Mr. C. S. Bundy, the Secretary and Treasurer of the Company, on the processes of manufacture and the methods of handling high explosives. Giant powder, he explained, is

to place a tin pan containing twenty pounds of the stuff in this room" said Mr. Bundy—we were sitting in the office of the big Chequamegon Hotel at Ashland—"and gave it a smart kick, the entire building would be demolished and there wouldn't be enough left of us for a funeral," yet Mr. Bundy said there was never any difficulty in getting good men to work in the factory for moderate wages, and he added that so careful are the methods employed that there is actually less danger in making nitro-glycerine than in braking on a railroad; that is to say, the percentage of men killed in the former occupation is less than in the latter in proportion to the whole number employed.

Bessemer would be a good location for any factory using hard wood as its raw material. So exclusively has the development of this region followed the enterprise of digging iron ore from below the ground that no attention has yet been given to the wealth

that exists on the surface in the noble growth of hard woods. Here, as at Ironwood, the thought will occur to the visitor that in time a good deal will some time be done to reduce ore into smaller compass by smelting and sending it to market as pig iron. It would be absurd, however, to criticise the development of these iron towns and to say that they ought to do this or that. The wonder is that so much has been done in so short a time; that in only six years since the first mine was opened and five since the first ore was shipped large towns have grown up with all the conveniences of advanced civilized life and a total population of not far from twenty thousand souls is supported in comfort in what was so recently a remote and unbroken forest.

Bessemer Business Notes.

M. H. Martin, proprietor of the Pioneer Store, ranks among the most prosperous of Bessemer's business men. He makes it a point to keep everything from a paper of pins or a pound of tea to a steam threshing machine—if

The firm of P. Horne & Co., is one of the solid institutions of Bessemer. From the beginning it has been in the front rank in the mercantile line, its business policy of handling only the best quality of goods being duly appreciated by its large and ever increasing class of customers. Peter Horne, the senior member of the firm, gives much of his personal attention to the minutiae of the business and with able and obliging corps of assistants is ever at the service of the public.

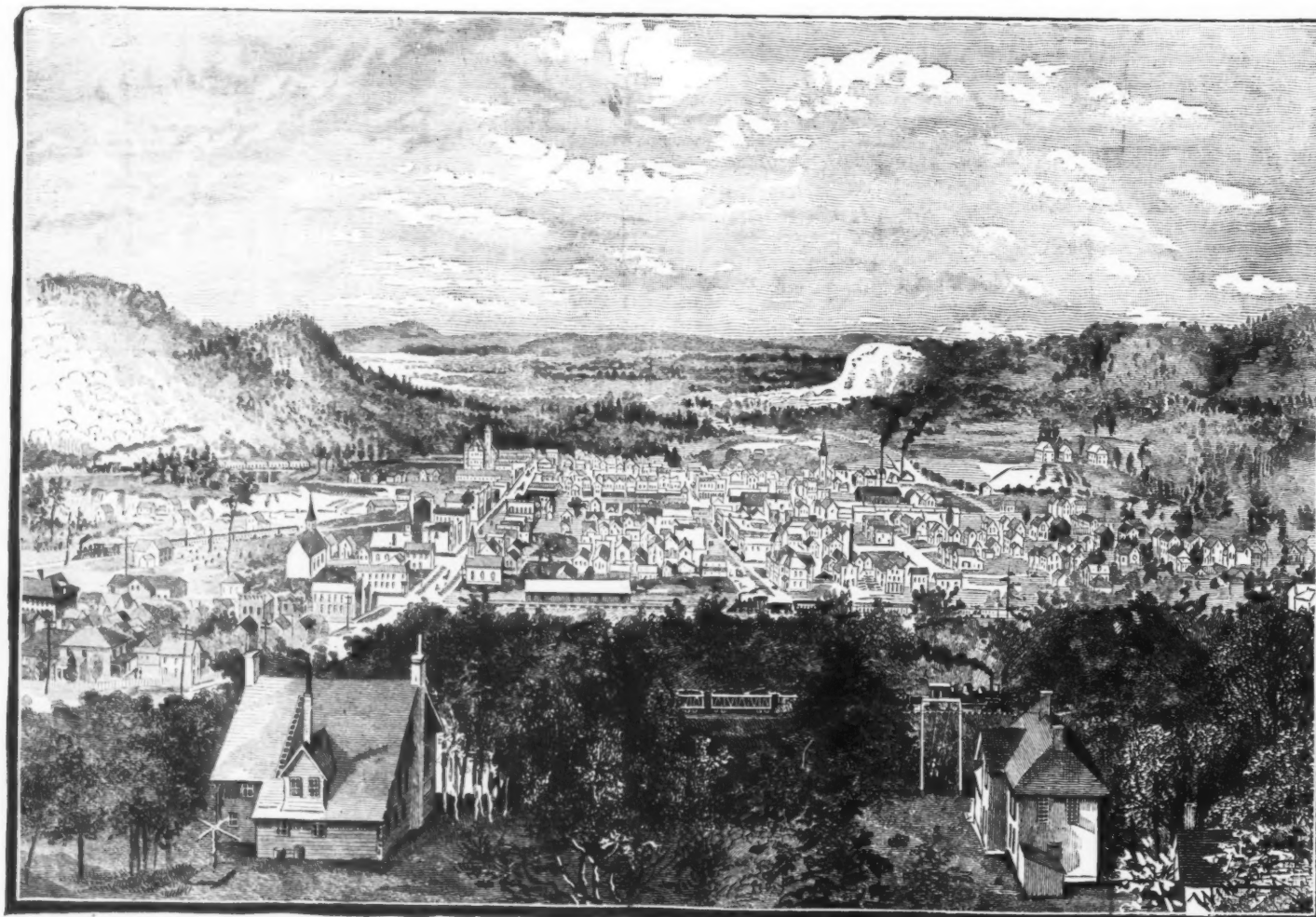
Jensen & Co.'s is the pioneer establishment of the kind on the range and has always maintained itself in the lead. The stock of goods carried, in size, variety and quality, is a surprise to many visitors and will compare favorably with many metropolitan establishments. Mr. Jensen has been connected with the business from the early days and is now principal proprietor and manager.

The Ehrmantraut Meat and Provision Co., is one of the pioneer institutions of the range, being established when Bessemer was but an incipient mining camp. Fair dealing and an excellent quality of goods early established for the firm a popularity which has been in the same manner maintained ever since. Several branches have been established at other points on the range and are all doing a flourishing business. P. Ehrmantraut, the busi-

ness manager, has been constantly kept in the service of the public in various official capacities, and at present represents his ward on the county board of supervisors.

HURLEY.

Hurley is the best-known town in the Gogebic Country. It got the start first and the big hotel which that famous speculator John E. Burton, of Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, built in 1886 and which still bears his name, made it the center of travel and the rendezvous of explorers, mine captains, boomers and investors. Hurley had the first bank and the first newspaper in the region. It also had the first saloons and the first variety theater and became in the earliest period of the development of the range the resort of everybody who had money to spend. It has kept its pre-eminence as the amusement center but the greater prosperity of the mines adjacent to



GENERAL VIEW OF BESSEMER, MICHIGAN.

it is likely to be called for—and his frankness with his customers has established a confidence which results greatly to the mutual benefit of himself and his patrons. He prospers because he deserves to.

C. W. Weck and his present mammoth establishment furnish an excellent illustration of what intelligent industry and close attention to business will enable any man to do in this prosperous region. Starting in a modest way and single handed in the meat market business, he has advanced step by step until he now has a double-apartment store filled with the choicest of everything in the eatable line, including meats, provisions, vegetables, fruits, garden stuffs and staple and fancy groceries. He still remains at the helm, and in addition represents his ward in the city council.

Paul B. Rutiman, dealer in general hardware and mining supplies, has a well established business. Being thoroughly conversant with the needs of the locality in his lines, he makes it a point to promptly meet all demands; and his strict integrity and well established business qualifications have led to his selection as city treasurer, which office he is now filling for the second term.

ness manager, has been constantly kept in the service of the public in various official capacities, and at present represents his ward on the county board of supervisors.

K. S. Markstrum, successor to Markstrum, Larson & Co., besides conducting one of the leading general merchandise establishments of the city, serves Uncle Sam as postmaster, and the American Express Company as local agent. Energy and push, the qualities so essential to business success, are well exemplified in Mr. Markstrum, as are their results in his business.

L. H. Truettner keeps one of the neatest and freshest grocery establishments in the city and deals also quite extensively in ready made clothing. He has the desirable faculty of holding trade, so that "once a customer always a customer" may be truly said of his patrons. He is at present also serving a second term as a member of the Board of Education.

Joseph Pecard & Co., as successors to Jeffres & Co., general hardware dealers, represent the pioneer mercantile institution of Bessemer. The fine display occupying the large double store speaks for itself of the growing success of the business, under the excellent management

of F. A. Jeffres. Mr. Pecard, the principal proprietor, is one of the most substantial and enterprising citizens of the place, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to any movement or enterprise for the benefit of the community.

Ironwood has of late caused that town to forge far ahead of its neighbor. From Hurley to Ironwood the distance is only the width of the little Montreal River, a stream so narrow that any child could toss a stone across it. The stores in each town come up to the end of the highway bridge uniting them. If it were not for the fact that the Inter-State boundary follows the mid-channel of the river the two places would be one, and that one could boast of a population of 11,000. Hurley has 3,000 people but is not a town in any legal, corporate sense, for the people have never incorporated it as a municipality. It is a part of the township of Vaughn and manages to get along in rather a careless way with such government functions as the laws of Wisconsin permit a township to exercise. In the same township are three or four mining villages, scattered along the iron-bearing range.

Tributary to Hurley are the following mines: Germania, Windsor, Cary, West Cary, Superior, Odanah, Section thirty-three, Montreal, Pence, Father Hennepin, and Iron Belt. Their aggregate annual output is about 300,000 tons. They are all connected with the town by the tracks of one or both of the two railroads operating along the range. Hurley's business street is compactly built with two-story structures, mainly of brick, from the Lake Shore depot to the bridge, three squares and is a very lively thoroughfare, the saloons being rather more numerous in proportion to the stores than in a Montana silver mining town. There are said to be seventy-eight of them in the town. On the sidewalks you may hear nearly all the languages of Europe spoken any night when the miners come in to shake dice and dally with the poker chips. An active legitimate mercantile business is carried on in the midst of this gayety. The best residence part of the town, south of the railroad tracks, is built on a slope, at the top of which are the derricks of the Germania mine. There are many neat dwellings, and there are churches and schools and a grove of tall trees has been spared from the axe and forms a pleasant little park, commanding a noble prospect over the forest-tops northward towards the lake.

A GRAND VIEW.

People who admire sublime landscape views can obtain a full measure of satisfaction from the belfry of the court house. From this point can plainly be seen on a clear day the wonders of the Big Bend. To the south of Waterville, Badger Mountain, covered with tall pines furnishes a beautiful background; to the west and north the Cascade mountains with their peaks of perpetual snow rising above the clouds, while within nearer sight is the Columbia River wending its way to the sea. These are the far-away sights that fill the beholder with wonder and admiration. As the vision returns from these distant scenes the eye is rested with the magnificent panoramic landscape stretching from the foot of Badger Mountain for miles away on either side, the most beautiful agricultural view that could be imagined. In the center of all this interesting diversity of wealth is Waterville in the track of every transcontinental railroad that is reaching to the sea. The thought naturally suggests itself to the beholder that here is destined to rise an important city. It is impossible to conceive what will be the end to the growth that Waterville is just now entering upon, and with these sublime thoughts in our bosom we descend



THE BURTON HOUSE, HURLEY WISCONSIN.

to the earth and proceed to get a stand-off for another town lot.—*Waterville, Wash., Empire.*

TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND.

A correspondent at Thompson Falls, Montana, writes to the *Missoulian*: Last evening just as the sun was casting his last rays over the golden-tinted peaks of the Thompson Range a couple arrived at the Pend d'Oreille ferry and demanded a speedy passage across that historic stream designated by the absurd name of Clark's Fork of the Columbia. At the first glance a person would take them to be father and daughter, but as there is an exception to all rules, so there proved to be in this as it was soon known. They were prospectively husband and wife, bound for Idaho to be made one. As the ferry struck the opposite shore and the apron dropped, the lady who is a sixteen-year-old blonde, the daughter of an industrious Frenchman owning and operating a saw mill four miles from town, struck her steed a keen cut with the rawhide she held in her right hand which caused the animal to clear the apron at a bound. They were cheered to the echo by parties from the opposite shore, who soon witnessed their disappearance just as the angry father arrived at the landing

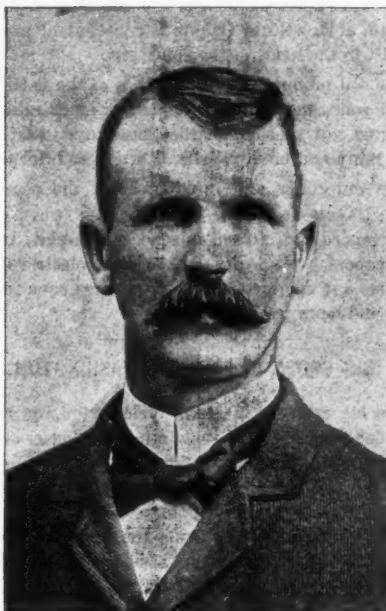
on a fagged out horse. He gave up all pursuit and the Highland chief with the modern Lord Ullin's daughter, is, before this time, the husband of the young lady.

KANGAROOS FOR AMERICA.

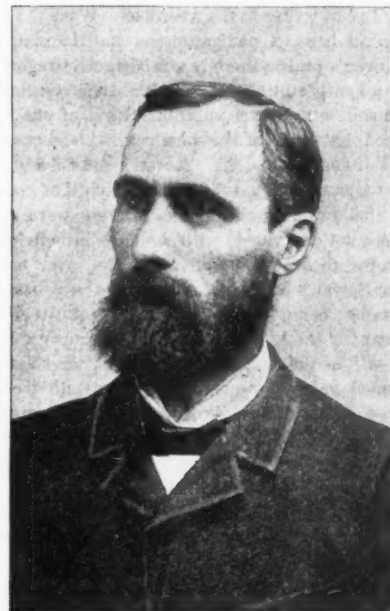
We are assured, on what seems good authority, that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the West. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement and interest only to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product and the animals breed rapidly. The promoters hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone Park, and to insure them for a few years government protection and immunity from senseless sportsmen.—*Helena Independent.*



DR. G. L. LOOPE, PROPRIETOR GOSBIE HOSPITAL, BESSEMER.



HON. C. M. BOSS, MAYOR OF BESSEMER.



J. J. SIMPSON, EDITOR "PICK AND AXE," BESSEMER.

THE PROLIFIC PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

The agricultural possibilities of the Northwest are not yet generally understood. The climate of the one State of Washington varies and possesses the characteristics of remote sections of country. East of the coast range of mountains the Winters are up to the average, if not sometimes severe; the Summers there are subject to drought, but it is still a grand agricultural region for grain, vegetables and fruit.

West of the mountains very little of winter weather is experienced, the mercury never declining to zero.

The Summers have plenty of rain for all purposes, and the Winters have rain instead of snow. Flowers sometimes bloom throughout the Winter months. Freezing weather and snow sometimes occur during a very few weeks in dead of Winter.

While corn cannot be matured because of the coolness of the nights. The daintiest fruits grow abundantly. Peaches are raised throughout the State even up to the very boundary line. Here on Grays Harbor fine peaches, pears, all kinds of plums, apples and other fruits are raised at will, except grapes and tropical fruits.

Away up North on the Olympic peninsula, ranches are raising peanuts and sweet potatoes, and we are informed that sweet corn comes nearer to maturity, as there are sections of the peninsula, evidently, much warmer than about the harbor—in the neighborhood of Quinalt Lake, and there, too, in Winter occur the deeper snows and consequent colder weather.

As an evidence of what almost any section of the State is capable of, we present figures obtained on a recent trip on the Sound. San Juan Island is situated midway between the 48th and 49th parallels, and is an island about four miles square. From it, for the season of 1889, were shipped the following products:

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Apples..... | 4,250 tons |
| Grain..... | 1,032 " |
| Potatoes..... | 2,000 " |
| Hay..... | 2,300 " |
| Strawberries..... | 60 " |
| Plums..... | 32 " |
| Small fruit..... | 20 " |
| Butter..... | 30 " |
| Other products..... | 500 " |
| Cattle..... | 500 head |
| Sheep..... | 2,500 " |
| Poultry..... | 4,000 " |

The amount consumed on the island is not given.

With hay yielding from three to six tons and oats 100 bushels to the acre, it would seem that agriculturists might thrive in Washington, even if they cut these figures in two.—*Hoquiam Washingtonian*.

THE HUMPTULIPS COUNTRY.

E. Lycan writes to the *Aberdeen*, (Wash.,) *Herald*: From the head of navigation on the Hoquiam River to Steven's prairie there is a fairly good wagon road, over a gently rolling, heavily timbered country, clay loam soil, with gravel subsoil. Some of the timber is good, but much of it is hemlock, with an occasional piece of good yellow fir. Steven's prairie and others that we saw were gravelly, with patches of good soil, but shallow, and all of the prairies were covered (where not cultivated) with a dense growth of fern from five to six feet high along the river bottoms. From Steven's prairie is some of the very best farming lands, being deep, rich, sandy loam, but as far as the canyon the expenses of clearing, ready for farming, will be great. The timber along the river is not of much value, however. We were told that back from the river almost all of the land is covered with the finest of yellow fir. The canyon is where the river has cut its way through a ridge of basalt rock for a mile and a half, to a depth of from 200 to 300 feet. On the top of this ridge the ground is comparatively level and is covered with a good growth of white and yellow fir with hemlock interspersed. The soil is a gravel loam, and would be good for some kinds of fruit and grass. Above the canyon are some of the finest bottom lands that I ever saw; rich, sandy loam with little underbrush and scattering trees—

maple, alder, etc., with a few spruce and hemlock. These magnificent bottoms are on alternate sides of the river, to nearly its source, and some day will be noted for their dairy produce, as every condition is just right for butter making.

During our visit game, with the exception of grouse and fish, was very scarce, as it was the season when elk, bear and deer go to the lower lands for some reason known to themselves; a fact that we very much regretted. As a trout stream, I don't believe there is a better one anywhere, but as the water is perfectly transparent it requires much ingenuity to catch them. However, by diligent work we were able to kill enough for our wants, and this was not a few, as five men doing hard work out doors and in the mountains without other meat can secrete a wonderful quantity of trout caught in such cold water as is found in the upper Humptulips. Our largest trout measured 18½ inches in length.

GENERAL POINTERS ABOUT NORTH DAKOTA.

The soil is rich and no fertilizer is needed, as in the East and South.

A great deal of labor can be performed without fatigue or prostration, the air is so bracing and invigorating.

There is a rare exemption from insect pests and reptile life. There are no dangerous nor painful epidemic diseases.

Nowhere can farming be done more easily and nowhere can the frugal, earnest and industrious man start on a smaller capital.

There is enough coal in the counties along the Mouse and Missouri rivers in the northwestern part of the State to supply North Dakota with fuel for centuries.

Government land, a gift to the occupant, can be made to yield, acre for acre, an income in field crops equal to that produced on the high-priced lands of the East.

It has a new country's advantages of cheap lands, good prices for products and labor, with all the chances of growth, and yet possessing the comforts of an old region.

It offers an opening to the poor man if he will work and exercise economy. To take a homestead and begin its improvement means the creation of a property worth at once from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

For long ages the prairies of North Dakota furnished winter range for buffalo, elk, deer, moose and antelope. They are now becoming the home for the more useful domestic herds and flocks.

Horses and cattle are reared, and wheat grown as many miles north of this State as the Gulf of Mexico is south of it. North Dakota is equidistant from the oceans, in the heart of the continent.

The soil produces all of the crops of the north temperate zone, and the conditions favor stock raising to a degree not possible in the South and East with their rainy and muddy Falls, Winters and Springs.

The enterprise and intelligence of the people of North Dakota is shown in institutions which mark an advanced civilization, in schools, churches, banks, newspapers, telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, markets and comforts and conveniences equaling the older and more populous states.

BIG CROPS IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

The big crops in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho are likely to remain in warehouses several months before they can be hauled away. Scarcity of cars on both the Northern and Union Pacific railways will interfere with the shipping.

In the Palouse Valley alone the yield is estimated at 10,000,000 bushels. But besides that there are thousands of acres in grain all through the Big Bend empire, Indian Prairie, and the Potlatch country. It is hardly possible that the combined output of those three localities will equal the products of the Palouse,

but 7,000,000 bushels is a conservative estimate, making a total of 17,000,000 bushels. About one-fifth of it will be required for home consumption, and the remaining 13,600,000 bushels will be exported, which will require the service of 27,200 cars, estimating the capacity of each at 30,000 pounds. A train will average fifteen cars, making 1,813 trains necessary to market the grain crop of Washington and Idaho north of the Snake River alone. That gives an idea of the immense yield.—*Ritzville Times*.

INDIAN NAMES.

The *Chicago Herald* laments because "the people of the West have done little to preserve the names, legends and histories of the races that first inhabited our forests and prairies." That may be true of the States of the Mississippi Valley, but it fails to hold good upon the Pacific Coast, where hundreds of Indian names cling to the streams, lakes and mountains, as well as designating cities, towns and counties. And very beautiful and melodious many of them are. To the writer's fancy no more poetic word exists than "Multnomah." It designates the most populous county in Oregon, and at least one Oregon girl claims it for her name, a daughter of Senator Dolph. Umatilla, Snohomish, Skamania, Okanogan, Spokane, Kittitas, Yakima, Klickitat, Willamette, Tulatin, Walla Walla, Wallula, Yaquina, are all Indian names, and full of melody. The list might be extended into the hundred. More than half of our Washington counties bear Indian names, and scores of streams and lakes retain the names given them by the native races so rapidly disappearing before the advance of civilization. In the language of a New England poet, "their names are on our waters, we can not wash them out."

The retention of these Indian names is hardly traceable to the poetic instincts of the earliest settlers. It is probably due to the fact that the trappers and hunters who came into this wild region in advance of the farmers dwelt among the Indians and married Indian women. It was quite natural that they should adopt the Indian names of streams, mountains, etc., and when adventurous settlers straggled over the mountains and invaded the fertile valleys they in turn took the Indian names from the trappers' tongues, and thus avoided the necessity of taxing their own imagination.

The three largest cities in Washington bear Indian names—Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, and there is a growing disposition to restore Indian names, now almost forgotten, in cases where the titles given by the whites carry with them no historic significance. We still have too many "Clear Lakes," "Trout Lakes" and "Deep Creeks" in the Northwest, and it would be more pleasing to the ear and imagination, and less confusing, were Indian names substituted for a part of them.

The best thing about the Indian is his language. The names he gave to the streams, the mountains and the lakes should be retained wherever practicable.—*Spokane Falls Review*.

PEN-MADE MONEY.—Regularly every six months the treasury department receives either a twenty or fifty dollar bill, which, from all appearance, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times these bills have defied detection and passed on their tour of circulation unhindered. The counterfeiter seems to be a genius who yearns for notoriety, as he could not make his living by his penmanship. The culprit has not yet been captured, although efforts have been made to find him, and it is believed that he has had the pleasure of viewing his handwork in the little frame which hung on the walls of the treasury building.

ELK ANTLERS FOR ENGLAND.—It is said that about a thousand elk are killed yearly in Oregon and Washington, and that the antlers of most of them are sent to England for ornaments.

WESTERN HUMOR.

Mistaken for an Indian.

Anybody who knows United States Attorney Baxter, and who of the town men do not, will appreciate this little story he tells on himself concerning a late visit to Duluth. He was here on business connected with some whisky stealing by Indians, and one morning a friend invited him to join in taking a glass of beer. They went to a bar near the hotel, and the gentleman called up the beverage, but the bar-keeper set out only one glass of the foaming liquid. "Another glass, please for my friend here," said the gentleman accompanying the eloquent attorney. "See here, old man," replied the barkeeper, "you can't work this racket on me right here in broad daylight just because you have got that fellow dressed up in mighty fine white man style. Nothing but a temperance drink goes here. What will it be now, Ingun, pop, seltzer or buttermilk?" Baxter said it was great fun for his friend, but pretty hard on himself to be taken for a reformed redskin. —*Duluth Herald.*

Waiting, Waiting.

She is waiting in the darkness, she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad, sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered forehead gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun. Close the door, O weeping lady, close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches, to the ocean's sullen moan, to the screaming of the night-bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, splashing on the window-pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float out to heaven in a wild, despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do echo on the shore, and to-night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, O weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the sombre sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching cannot win, for he tried a night's sky-larking and the peelers ran him in.

The Boom.

"Don't mention it. It will hurt the boom," was the advice given to the *Reveille*, yesterday, in regard to the prevalence of a fever in a neighboring town. What is life and death and health and honor compared to a boom! If your wife or mother is stricken down roll her into the woodshed where her distressing condition will not interfere with the boom. If your son dies, put him in a barrow and cart him off to the cemetery in the dead of night, that the stranger may not find out that people die here as well as elsewhere. Old Moneygrab may not otherwise be able to sell his \$300 lot for \$3,000. Tell it not in Gath or Anacortes that your town is stricken with plagues, pestilence or famine, lest it stop the sale of property. Let the people come in and die. They ought to be happy to die in a good town. A boom is a boom, as a mascotte is a mascotte. It is food and drink and lodging. It is spiritual consolation and an entire scheme of salvation. It is saving grace. There is no crime in time of booms. Gin mills, brothels and hells are sanctified during the period of boom. The grizzled veteran if called to the judgment seat to-day will regret it on account of leaving the boom. When he applies for his harp on the golden shore among his cherished credentials will be that he bought property low and sold it high to widows, orphans and idiots. If he goes to hades, from force of habit he will at once organize a chamber of commerce and a dozen or more corporations with asbestos stock certificates to develop the sulphur deposits and coal mines, and to bore for oil. Certainly, the newspapers should direct

all their attention to booming. The editors have the reputation of liars, and there is no use stemming the tide. This reputation has been acquired in booming. Keep it up. That goes, temporarily, which is plausibly maintained after being forcibly stated. After awhile the boom will be spent and then you can tell the truth again, for the speculators will all be well fixed and your reputation for mendacity will be thoroughly established. That is what you will get out of it. Consider yourself a partner in every crazy and dishonest land deal—an honorary partner—for honor is what you get out of it. If you get a direct profit by wilfully misleading people you are a smart man, such as there is a great demand for in sheol. To thoroughly boom you must ignore disease and death, frost and hot weather, poor crops and bad roads, bad land and poor timber, debt and poor business, and must make every streak of rust a railroad, and every beach a transcontinental terminus.—*Whatcom Daily Reveille.*

Medicated Rhymes.

The advertiser of quack medicines knows no precinct too sacred for invasion. We have all read of how the pyramids were labeled with "Try Humboldt's Buchu," and how the supposed tomb of Mehemet Ali was placarded with notices about Pierce's Purgative Pellets, but many newspaper readers are not familiar with the new fad of these scurrilous advertisers, which interlines Watts' hymns, and others with notices of these alleged wonderful cure-alls. Here are a few examples which have come under the writer's notice. Here is a villainous interlineation:

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
Will all my ailments have an end
When I drink celery tea?

This is from the *Detroit Tribune*:

"Hark, the Herald Angels sing,
Catchem's pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for a woman and one for a child."

The well known Christmas carol would scarcely be recognized in the following which makes a regular autumnal appearance in the country sheets:

"The cold wind sweeps the branches bare,
The icicles hang from the eaves;
You can guard yourself from the wintry air
By drafts of the yellow dock leaves."

This is almost sacrilegious, but everything goes with the advertising fiend:

"The man of Bethlehem came to heal
The sick, the lame, the halt;
He braced the Jewish nation up
By using Duffy's malt!"

We have heard the two first following lines, but the last two are decidedly an innovation:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
You would all be less bilious and freer from ills
If you toned up your system with H. Beechan's pills."

Can you recognize anything similar about this, which originated in England several years ago, and is still running the gauntlet? A metamorphosed hymn, but it is in line with the other selections:

"Sinner, turn; why will ye die?
You can live for help is nigh;
Rout each ache, and ill and pain,
Drink Bass' Ale—be well again!"

The famous old shepherd preacher, Botts, must have given an uneasy turn of his disintegrated remains at the following. The original and changed versions are given, the former by Botts, the latter by some Bohemian of the advertising family:

"Go up you bald heads, to the seat
Where mercy is extended;
And pray the Lord in earnest tones,
That your ways be mended."

This is the revision:

"Go up you bald heads, but before
Your journey's length is ended
Procure a stick of Harkins' glue,
Through thick and thin 'twill stay by you
'Till everything is mended."

An Essay on Man.

The following is an extract from a real composition written by a small boy in Montana. The subject given by the teacher was the extensive one of "Man." Here's what the small boy wrote: "Man is a wonder-

ful animal. He has eyes, ears and mouth. His ears are mostly for catching cold in and having the ear-ache. The nose is to get the sniffles with. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split ends

THE BUFFALO'S GOODBYE.

I am a bold, bad buffalo bull—
I'm the last of all my kind.
In front I've a mane that's shag and full,
And a scraggly tail behind.

By some I'm a "burly bison" called,
By some a "wild bovine king;"
But never yet have I been enthralled,
Or worn in my nose a ring.

The alkali water is my wine,
The sage brush it is my bread;
I still have with me my nerve and spine,
Though my hulk is full of lead.

I've roamed the plains for many a year,
I've rattled among the rocks,
But I never felt the sharpest spear—
Or the need of shoes or socks.

The National Park is my "soldier's home,"
Where the law protects my life,—
Though the dire dude sportsmen there that roam
Have slaughtered my child and wife.

I expect at a time not far remote,
To rejoin my babe and bride:
In the form of a great fur overcoat
I'll hang by my darling's hide.

My head and horns they'll nail to a plank,
And they'll give me eyes of glass,
That I may look down on the sportive crank
When he comes to go to grass.

And I'll "stag" the books they'll heap up full
Of "hog-wash" about old me.
O I am a bold, bad buffalo bull—
A sad, mad, cad, fad buffalo bull,
And the last—and I'm glad I be!

HUGH A. WETMORE.

IS IT I?

Out of my slumber shines a vision
Of foamy forest and swirling sea—
A sweep of emerald plains elysian—
A flutter of white wings flashing free!

Sheaf on sheaf of the fairest flowers
Shiver and shine in the dripping dew,
And down through the depths of the budding bowers—
A glimmer of glad seas slipping through!

A tangle of songs and of sunbeams sifting
Out of the infinite inner skies—
A thrill of our unfledged wings uplifting
And reaching the rapture of Paradise!

There we stand in the warm June weather,
While woodlands quiver and wavelets chime,
There we stand with our lips together,
And pulses rhyming a perfect rhyme!

God! Through the casement calls the morning,
The cold, gray morning—and where is she?
Seek where the amaranth is adorning
A grassy grave by a singing sea.

Shine the roses as in the olden
Rapture-years when the world was young,
Sing the robins as in the golden
Glory-years with a thrillant tongue;

Swings the world through the starry-spaces,
Just as it swung when she and I
Saw the Summer with all its graces
And garlands beautiful fle by.

O! for the passionate spirit missing
Out of the waters and sky and wood—
O! for the clasp of her and the kissing—
The joy unwhispered but understood.

Pray? I have prayed till my hair is hoary—
There is no God—or if God there be,
Deaf is he in his grand, white glory—
Deaf to a poor, weak worm like me.

Curse? And what is the use of curses?
He, on his strong, supernal throne,
Knows the day when the dismal hearsees
Will cart us off to the kirk-yard lone.

Lying low in my chamber lonely,
Thinking of days that have drifted by,
Only one cry can I utter—only:
"Heaven! O, Heaven! And is it I?"

WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

THE SUNSET LAND.

How still it was amid those dark old trees
That dropped fir needles on our wide-stretched tent!
What long, dim, ghouliah shadows, curled and bent
About our door, stirred by each spiced breeze,
While night stole to us o'er the broad, blue seas!
Pale, sunset skies, with plummy forests blent,
And soft reflections to the green earth lent;
The drowsy droning of belated bees,
The long, soft lashing of the flowing tide,
The clinking of a brook against a stone—
Made music sweet as silver bells. Beside
Our tent, in pools, with mellow monotone,
Murmured the frogs. So, deep and vast and wide,
Came on the night—and we were all alone!

Like stars within some black-winged wave, your eyes
Sent trembling glances deep into my own;
Your hammock faintly swung; one moonbeam shone
Upon your milk-white breast. How swift time flies,
In such an hour, beneath those mellow skies!
I trembled nearer and my arms were thrown
About your throbbing throat. Alone—alone—
We two, in gladdest, passionate surprise,
To feel each heart against the other beat,
And know that we were young, and life was sweet!
Each smiling pulse into its comrade curled;
We loved—we loved—forgetting all the world!
Unworthy, I bent o'er your hammock-bed,
And both our souls in one long kiss were wed.

Fair was your face as apple blossoms' snow,
Cleft with the scarlet of your sweet lips' thread.
Within your cheek one rising flush of red
Forerun the coming of love's warmer glow;
A bunch of crimson poppies trembled low,
Half-awed, against your breast; your dark-crowned head
Was sweet with odorous flowers. Conquered, love-led,
I let the hours slip by—I loved you so—
Dear heart I loved you so—and yet we knew
While thy poor lips were wedded unto mine,
This hour to be our last. Solemnly your
Soft, trembling arms about my throat did twine,
And kissed me sweet farewell. O love, to dwell
That hour with thee has brought foretaste of hell.

The Puget Sound still sparkles in the West,
Caressing with her blue arms Sunset Land;
Blown sails drift by the shores whereon I stand,
And gleaming seagulls cleave the bright waves' crest,
But empty are my arms and sad my breast!
Thy own wild poppies bloom beneath my hand,
Once I bound them into a girdle-band
To grace thy slender waist—In fierce unrest
I crushed them now beneath my heel. Fir trees
Drop needles all day long about my feet,
The tide flows in with dreamy, rhythmic beat;
Pink-hearted shells, unsought lie on the beach,
An empty hammock swings within my reach—
But you and I—O, God, are far apart!
He holds thy kisses, but—I hold thy heart.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

SOUTH BEND, PACIFIC COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

Twenty-four feet of water on the bar at low tide; a wide, smooth entrance; deep, unobstructed channel 14 miles long to the mouth of the Willapa river; anchorage room and safe shelter for any number of the largest ships afloat—that is Willapa Harbor, the northern arm of Shoalwater Bay, in the southwestern corner of the state of Washington and midway between the mouth of the Columbia and Gray's Harbor. Without a dollar's expenditure for improvements this is, and must remain, next to San Francisco, the best bar harbor on the Pacific Coast. Near the mouth of Willapa River, on water varying from 25 to 40 feet deep at low tide, is the ambitious town of South Bend, less than a year old, possessing in June, according to the United States census returns, 836 residents and just now incorporated. A branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad is under construction from Chehalis on the Pacific division to South Bend, 50 miles, with promise of completion by January 1st next. Surveyors are in the field preparing for an extension of this road through the Cowlitz pass of the Cascades to North Yakima, there joining the main line and forming a short cut to the ocean. The new road traverses a country unsurpassed in natural wealth; rich valleys; extensive coal deposits—the only anthracite fields in the state, and a vast region of fir, cedar and spruce, marvellous even in this country of great arborial growth. For shipping the grain of the "inland empire," coal and lumber,

to San Francisco, and South American and European ports, South Bend has an advantage in distance over Seattle and Tacoma of over 300 miles, and, in cost of towage, of about \$500 per vessel. It is not uncommon for ships to sail into Willapa Harbor without towage aid and dock themselves at South Bend. The regular charge for taking a ship in and out is \$50.

South Bend has two saw mills, with a combined capacity of about 100,000 feet per diem; as ash and door annex to one of the mills; hotels and business houses in number proportionate to the population, which, it may be noted in passing, is steadily increasing. The Northern Land and Development Company, which is closely related to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, is constructing on a beautiful site at the east end of town, a hotel to cost \$60,000, and which will be completed in December. Much grading, planing and wharf building is in progress, and, now that the town has been incorporated, this work will proceed at a more rapid pace than ever. The business buildings are more substantial than in most new towns and residences of a good order are springing up on the hills bordering the main townsite. The climate is mild and healthful, somewhat cooler in Summer than that of the Sound, somewhat warmer in Winter. Oysters, which are extensively cultivated on the lower and shoal arm of Shoalwater Bay; salmon (there are several canneries) sardines, clams and crabs, abound in the waters. I never saw thriftier vegetable gardens, berry patches and orchards than are in this vicinity and the beautiful Wallapa Valley above.

Since I have been a dweller in South Bend, now nearly six months, I have kept an eye out for the "drawback." There is a drawback at almost every "proposition;" here there is none. South Bend confidently expects to be a rival of Seattle and Tacoma. It rather more than hopes to be a rival of San Francisco. Officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad partake of this confidence and have interests here to a very large extent. They look to a duplication at South Bend of the enormous returns many of them realized at Tacoma. They look for the great forward movement to begin when rail connection with Chehalis is made, and the completion of the road to Yakima to start a rate of progress never exceeded in the building of cities.

MARION D. EGBERT.

Sept. 16, 1890.

PALOUSE FARMERS.

John Staley was seen by a *Herald* reporter in Staley one day this week and was asked as to the number of acres he had in crop this year, and its probable yield.

"We have in all about 700 acres of wheat, which will average over forty bushels per acre," he said.

"Do you consider farming a paying occupation in the Palouse country?"

"Yes. There is no doubt about it. Five years ago I rented a piece of land to a tenant for one-third the product for rent. My share netted me \$15 per acre, which was more than the land would sell for at that time. The year before last a man came from Iowa and rented 160 acres, with horses and implements included, from my father, giving one-half the product for rent. In the Fall he returned to Iowa with \$1,200 net profit for his season's work."

"What is the cost of growing wheat here?"

"When everything is hired done it costs about \$10 per acre to put the wheat in the elevator, which, in an average year, gives the owner a new profit of about \$10 per acre, and of course the men who do the work make a profit, which reduces the cost to the farmer who does his own work."

"What legislation does the farmer need the most at present?"

"Freight rates should be reduced and I believe the time has come in Whitman County when the fence law should be abolished. We are now a grain raising country and it is not right that one man must be at hundreds of dollars expense to fence his farm against

his neighbor's cow, when the cow could be kept in a pasture at a small expense to the owner. When the country was new and cattle raising was followed in preference to grain raising the fence law was necessary, but as the condition of affairs is now reversed the fence law should be abolished.—*Pullman Herald*.

THE INGENIOUS INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

A camp of Navajo Indians is stationed on a hill back of us. We went up one day and saw a squaw weaving one of their celebrated blankets. Three squaws and a pappoose returned our call next day, and while the conversation of the squaws—which consisted mostly of a series of grunts—proved neither very edifying nor enlightening, the pappoose was as pretty a picture as one could wish to see. It looked exactly like one of Raphael's cherubs without its hair combed.

There is nothing in the whole great West more interesting than these Navajo Indians (pronounced Nah-va-ho). They are the possessors of large flocks of fine-bred sheep, and use the greater part of their wool in the manufacture of blankets. They have a peculiar process of cleaning, carding, and dyeing the wool, and would on no account "give it away." Their process renders the blankets water-proof and the colors never fade.

The squaws build the looms, which are very primitive affairs, suspended from trees in the woods, or covered by a hogan, or small shanty.

The warp is made from fibers of the yucca tree, and this they render almost indestructible by a process known only to the Navajo Indians. The cabillistic figures which appear in their blankets are woven in by hand first, and the remainder or the ground worked in afterward, each color being woven by itself; yet so marvelously even in their work that the closest critic fails to discover any discrepancy.—*Ex.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO EXTERMINATE THE SEALS.

The fur seals have not been as plentiful this season on the Pribylov Islands as formerly, and the new company has taken out but 20,000, instead of 60,000, which is their quota. The record shows that in 1833, the fur seal, from some cause, deserted the Pribylov group, and the Russian government prohibited the killing of seals on those islands for seven years. The seals seem to be taking the same course now, and will go to the Cooper Islands or Japanese group. The idea of exterminating the seal is about as futile as to suppose that codfish can be exterminated. The seal is a very intelligent animal, and it has been stated by experts that the action of the company in killing nothing but male seals has been one cause of producing this immigration. It would seem to be the best policy for the government to adopt the Russian plan, not to lease the islands to anyone, but have government officials stationed on St. Paul and St. George, and allow no seals to be killed, except such as are needed for the support of the Indians residing there, and in a few years the seals will return, as they have done as stated, and they are now returning to the islands about Cape Horn, where they have been said to be exterminated. If the government will have its own officers to take charge of the seal industry at the Pribylov Islands, and not lease it to any monopoly, the action would be more satisfactory to the whole American people.—*James G. Swan in Port Townsend Leader*.

GRAY'S HARBOR LUMBER STATISTICS.

From statistics gathered from the Board of Trade, it is learned that Aberdeen has shipped lumber as follows, since April last: A. J. West & Co., 3,152,000 feet; the Weatherwax Lumber Company, 4,125,000 feet; Wilson Bros., 4,000,000 feet, making a total of 11,277,000 feet of lumber in five months. The local trade has used about 2,500,000 feet in the same

time. The Cosmopolis mill has also shipped considerable and the Hoquiam mill has shipped some 3,000,000. The vessels carrying this lumber have all crossed the Gray's Harbor bar, but not an accident has occurred.—*Mississippi Valley Lumberman.*

QUEER HABITS OF THE BEAVER.

James Sherman, of Clifton, who is trapping beaver at Knappa this year, was telling us recently some queer things about beaver and beaver trapping. The animal, he says, has the most acute smell of any creature that exists. In setting the traps you must wait till low water, in order to have the tide when it comes in obliterate all traces of your presence. When a beaver is caught in a trap the other beavers at once enable him to make good his escape by seizing him by the tail and hauling him away until they release him, often leaving the limb in the trap as an evidence of the struggle that ensued. He caught a beaver last Winter on Puget Island, and says that it had only two toes on a hind foot, the other three legs being amputated as close to the body as if the limbs had never existed. Mr. Sherman says there is one faculty the beaver possesses that would be a profitable and interesting study for scientific men, and that is the power of making objects adhere to the bottom of a stream without any apparent means of securing them. The beaver lives mostly on wood, which they cut and deposit on the bottom, where it remains, contrary to the natural laws, which would in ordinary cases cause the wood to rise to the surface. How this is accomplished is difficult to decide, but is, nevertheless, a fact, as Mr. Sherman assures us that he tried it time and time again. Beaver trapping pays well where any considerable number can be caught. The average price of the furs bring from \$3.50 to \$5 per pound.—*Cathlamet Gazette.*

ARE GOPHERS GOOD TO EAT?

The Emmons County, N. Dakota, *Record* says: We know three or four settlers in this county who—primarily through lack of meat, secondarily in the interest of science—have devoured gophers. With one accord these settlers assert that they never tasted better flesh; that it is tender and sweet, and superior to the squirrels of the woods. What we want to get at is this. If the gopher could be made a regular article of diet its numbers would decrease rapidly. Not only would country people slaughter thousands, but sportsmen from the city would also join in the crusade. Somebody must do the pioneer work—a considerable number must prove to their fellow settlers by object lessons that gopher is good "feed." It might be impossible to get volunteers to give practical illustrations, but still the people are masters of the situation. Make the politicians eat 'em. Let no man be nominated to a county office until he gives a written pledge to make gopher a chief article of diet. In this way both the politician and flicker-tail will be made to subserve a useful purpose. Let the motto be "Mors omnibus gopherum."

A RAT DEFEATS A RATTLESNAKE.

The rattlesnake and mountain rat confined together in a box at the office of Lawlor & Kemper, corner of Utah and Granite streets, had a pitched battle yesterday, during which the snake buried his fangs in the rat several times, while the latter retaliated by chewing off several inches of the rattler's tail and otherwise mutilating his anatomy until the rattler presented the appearance of having been through a threshing machine. The venom of the snake does not apparently affect the rat which, despite a dozen encounters with the snake, continues in a condition of alarming good health, while the rattler looks wearied and exceedingly despondent. When bitten the rat will apply his mouth to the wound and suck the poison out. He seems to know just what to do in an emergency, and does not appear to feel any ill effects from the snake's venom.—*Butte Miner.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The kali mujah, or death-plant of Java has flowers which continually give off a perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that come under its influence.

A public clock is to be erected in Philadelphia that will take one year to place in the tower. The minute hand is to be twelve feet and the hour hand nine feet in length, the bell will weigh 20,000 pounds, a steam engine will be placed in the tower to wind up the clock.

Of the entire human race 500,000,000 are well-clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of the body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 virtually have no shelter.

The Japanese books begin where ours end, the word finis coming where we put the title page; the foot notes are printed at the top of the page, and the reader puts in his marker at the bottom. The best rooms of a Japanese house are always at the back, and architects, when building, begin with the roof.

A VIOLIN PIANO.—A new invention in musical instruments is a violin piano. A case containing six violins, two violas and two violincellos resembles a pianoforte frame. The instruments are connected by circular bands, which are brought into contact with the strings by means of the keyboards, the hammers of which bear upon the bands with varying pressure.

COSTLY COFFEE.—By far the most expensive coffee brought to this market comes from Blue Mountain, Jamaica. The whole product of the region is small and only a few thousand bags reach New York. It is usually bought by Delmonico at a very high figure. At the same time the Delmonico coffee does not contribute to the restaurant's reputation. Quite as good coffee is served at half a dozen less famous places.

FACTS ABOUT THE FACE.—The two sides of the human face are not exactly alike, and a German biologist asserts that the lack of symmetry, as a rule, is confined to the upper parts of the face. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line, and seven persons out of every ten have stronger sight in one eye than the other. Another singular fact is that the right ear is almost invariably higher than the left.

BIG CITY POPULATIONS.—There are eight cities in the world with a million of population and over. The following figures give the latest returns:

| | |
|-------------------|-----------|
| London..... | 4,351,738 |
| Paris..... | 2,290,945 |
| New York..... | 1,627,227 |
| Tokio..... | 1,519,781 |
| Berlin..... | 1,489,672 |
| Chicago..... | 1,088,000 |
| Philadelphia..... | 1,040,499 |
| Pekin..... | 1,000,000 |

The highest structure of masonry in the world is said to be the National Museum, recently completed in Turin. It was originally designed for a synagogue, but it proved ill-adapted for that purpose, and was sold to the city. It was then converted into a museum as a monument to the memory of Victor Emanuel. On top of the dome rises a spire nearly as high the whole of the rest of the building. The gilt statue on the top of the spire stands 538 feet from the ground.

COW-HIDE HORSE-SHOES.—In England and other parts of Europe, horse-shoes are now in use, made of cow-hide instead of iron. The shoe is composed of three thicknesses of the hide, which is pressed

into a steel mould and afterwards treated by a chemical preparation. The shoe is quite smooth on the outside surface, no calks being needed, as the shoe adheres firmly on polished pavements. It is claimed this shoe is much lighter than the iron one, lasts longer, and that the hoofs of horses wearing them never split.

RAILROADS IN JAPAN.—Japan commenced building railroads in 1870 and at the end of last year had 10,402 miles in operation, with 874 miles under construction. About one half of the mileage is owned by the government. The rapid progress made by this enterprising country is in striking contrast to the timid conservatism which has prevented her great neighbor, China, from allowing the locomotive upon her soil with the exception of the building of a few miles of local road chiefly for coal transportation. While Japan is prospering, infused with the spirit of the nineteenth century, China is still centuries behind the rest of the world.

WEeping TREES.—In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a gentleman who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that of Ferro.—*Seattle Post.*

WORKING A NEW RACKET.

Early this week a family came into the city in a manner that attracted the attention and aroused the sympathy of many. Working beside the only horse in harness and helping to draw half of the load was a man. His few effects, wife and children were in the wagon. When questioned he told a pitiful story. When one of his horses died he was compelled to take its place because he had no money with which to purchase another, and it was very important that he should get north. A subscription paper was at once started, enough money was soon secured, the horse purchased, and a kind blacksmith was in the act of shoeing him when the man rushed in, saying that it was an insult to offer him such a horse, but that he would be pleased to accept the money. It was turned over to him and he departed. It now transpires that this man has worked the same scheme at various places down the road. At Junction, Idaho, he secured quite a sum, an account of which appeared in this paper a few weeks ago. There are no flies on this old boy.—*Dillon, Montana, Tribune.*

A MAGNETIC SPRING AT SARATOGA.

A new spring, whose waters are powerfully charged with magnetism, has just been developed at the Geysers. The spring is within fifty feet of the Carlsbad. Its discovery was accidental. Some parties were boring a well for a supply of fresh water. At a depth of about forty feet they found a good vein of water, pure as crystal and almost ice cold, its temperature being forty-five degrees. To test the depth of the water an iron bar attached to a cord was let down into it, and which, on coming near the side of the iron tubing, was instantly drawn to it and held so firmly as to require some force to detach the bar. Upon investigation and by repeated varied experiments it was found that the water is highly charged with magnetism.—*N. Y. Sun.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Flesh Grafting.

An interesting operation of flesh grafting, which was one of the discoveries of M. Paul Bert, has just been performed at the great gun works in Paris by a surgeon named Dubousquet-Labordiere. A workman had his foot badly burned with molten iron, destroying the skin over a surface of about eight inches by four. The surgeon took four strips of flesh from the thigh of a young man and as many from four different frogs, transferring them to the wounded man's foot. By great care the wound healed in eleven days. The cicatrice obtained from the frog's skin was soft, elastic and inodorous; that from the human flesh was much harder, producing irritation at many points. The result of the operation is of great importance, showing the superiority of frog skin and flesh for serious wounds where both skin and flesh have been torn or burned away.

Cheese is Thickly Populated.

Mr. Adametz has just made some microscopic researches upon the microscopic organisms that inhabit cheese. From an examination of Emmenthal, a soft variety of Gruyere cheese, he has obtained the following results: In each gramme of cheese, when fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes were found. This number increases with time. Thus a cheese seventy-one days old contains 800,000 bacteria per gramme. The population of a soft cheese twenty-five days old is much denser than the preceding and is 1,200,000, and that of a cheese forty-five days old is 2,000,000 microbes per gramme. But the population of a cheese is not everywhere equally distributed in it. The center is but moderately inhabited with respect to the exterior portion. The population of a soft cheese, near the periphery, is from 3,600,000 to 5,600,000 microbes. According to the mean of these two figures, there are as many living organisms in 360 grammes of such a cheese as there are people upon the earth.—*Nature*.

Mountains Crumbling Away.

Climatic influences are slowly but inevitably changing the contour of the snow mountains of the Pacific Northwest. Some time ago the announcement was made that a great slide had altered the appearance of Mount Shasta in Northern California, and now comes the discovery that a large part of the rocky summit of Mount Hood has crumbled away. Two years ago the Oregon Alpine Club deposited a copper box upon the summit of the mountain, and chained it to a large rock that bore the appearance of stability. No one thought at the time that the rock would disappear within a century. A few days ago, however, says the *Spokane Falls Review*, a party that ascended the mountain found that the summit had undergone a decided change, and that the copper box had been carried down the mountain and ground out of its original shape. It was carried back to Portland and now forms one of the curiosities of the Alpine Club's collection. The severe frosts of Winter and the burning sun of Summer are slowly effecting the disintegration of the mountain ranges. Their influences are seen on every hand, in the crumbling mountains and in the masses of sand carried to distant valleys by the streams whose sources lie among the snowy heights of the Western mountains.

Wild Rice for Marshes.

It will pay well to improve marshes, lowlands, ponds and streams of water that have mud bottoms, by sowing with wild duck's rice (*zizania aquatica*). It is an annual and will spread over all marshland, and does not freeze or die out. Horses and cattle eat its luxuriant growth of leaves as freely as young sugar-corn, and it is excellent for fattening stock of all kinds, fed either green or cured. The seed is absolutely sure to grow, flourish and return a generous, heavy yield, and is always a sure forage crop. No slant yields so heavily, so abundantly, so easily, so purely, so continually as wild duck's rice. Wild rice

also does well in ponds and streams. It should be planted in August or September, broadcast from the shores, or from a boat in one to eight feet of water having a mud bottom. It grows very rapidly. As an attraction for wild fowl it cannot be equaled. A friend writes: "It brought me more good meals on the table than if I had butchered my fattest calf." Wild ducks are very fond of wild rice, and an acre of it will afford attraction and food for thousands of them during the autumn months. They can easily be caught in the tall wild rice stalks. In large ponds and lakes it purifies the water and affords a refuge for small fry, with plenty of food from the animalculæ upon its stalks. For planting in fish ponds it is especially desirable; the stalks in the water are continually sought by fishes.—*T. O. M. in Farmer's Review*.

The Chinese Evolution Theory.

The rocks are the bones of the divine body, the soil is the flesh, the metals are the nerves and veins; the tide wind, rain, clouds, frost, and dew are all caused by its respirations, pulsations, and exhalations. Originally the mountains rose to the firmament, and the seas covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was in the divine body no life besides the divine life. Then the waters subsided; small herbs grew, and in the lapse of cycles developed into shrubs and trees. As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures developing out of lesser. Beetles in the course of ages became tortoises, earth-worms became serpents, high-flying insects became birds, some of the turtle-doves became pheasants, egrets became cranes, and wild-cats became tigers. The praying mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes became hairless. A hairless ape made a fire by striking crystal upon a rock, and, with the spark struck out, igniting the dry grass. With the fire they cooked food, and by eating warm victuals they grew large, and strong and knowing, and were finally changed into men.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A Spider Duel.

I saw the other day an example of genuine reasoning and bitter resentment exhibited by a spider. In one corner of my yard, protected by an overhanging cornice and porch, there are several spider webs, and in particular two, one directly above the other at a distance of six inches, and each tenanted by a large spider. I was seated in a chair in the shade on Sunday afternoon, when I noticed them, and picked up a bit of a chip and tossed it into the upper web to see what the spider would do. He ran out and examined the chip, but, quickly deciding it was of no earthly value to a spider, set about getting rid of it. He was very methodical and went regularly around the chip, cutting the threads on every side, until the chip finally hung by one strand, which he severed, and it dropped into the web of the spider who was keeping house on the lower story. Out came the latter, thinking he had caught something, but when he found the chip his rage seemed unbounded.

It evidently wasn't the first time his upper neighbor had dumped his refuse into the lower web and he was determined to stand it no longer. He went up the ropes like an athlete, leaving the chip where it fell, and in an instant was in the upper web and engaged in a deadly battle with its occupant. They had a terrible fight and rolled over and over each other, biting and hugging with the utmost ferocity. At last in their tumbles they fell through the hole where the chip had been cut out and into the lower web, which seemed to frighten the upper spider, who was a little the larger, and after a few more tumbles he got loose and escaped up a rope to his own quarters, minus the whole of one leg and the half of another. The lower spider climbed half way up in pursuit, then stopped and seemed to reflect. He waited a moment, then concluded he, too, had enough, so he went back and cleared out the chip and mended his web. I dropped two or three bits of straw into the upper web. But the big spider paid no attention. The other had given him a lesson; had in spider language set up a sign,

"No dumping, under penalty of the law," and he was not slow to take the hint.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Wonders of the Cactus.

What the camel is among animals that is the cactus among plants—the most confirmed and specialized of desert hunting organisms. It has been wholly developed in, by, and for the desert. I don't mean merely to say that cactuses resemble camels because they are clumsy, ungainly, awkward and paradoxical, but cactuses, like camels, take in their water supply whenever they can get it, and never waste any of it on the way by needless evaporation. As they form the perfect central type of desert vegetation, and are also familiar plants to every one, they may be taken as a good illustrative example of the effect that desert conditions invariably produce upon vegetable evolution. Quaint, shapeless, succulent, jointed, the cactuses look at first sight as if they were all leaves and had no stem or trunk worth mentioning. Of course, really they are all stem and no leaves, what looks like leaves being really joints of the trunk or branches, and the foliage being all dwarfed and stunted into the prickly hairs that encumber the surface. All plants of very arid soil tend to be thick, jointed and succulent; the distinction between stem and leaves tends to disappear; and the whole weed, accustomed at times to long drought, acquires the habit of drinking in water greedily at its rootlets after every rain, and storing it away for future use in its thick, sponge-like, and water-tight tissues. To prevent undue evaporation, the surface also is covered with a thick, shiny skin—a sort of vegetable mackintosh, which effectually checks all unnecessary transpiration. Of this desert type, then, the cactus is the furthest possible term. It has no flat leaves with extended blades to wither and die in the scorching desert air; but in their stead the thick and jointed stems do the same work—absorb carbon from the carbonic acid of the air, and store up water in the driest of seasons. Then, to repel the attacks of the herbivores, who would gladly get at the juicy morsel if they could, the foliage has been turned into sharp defensive spines and prickles. There is a gigantic cactus of the Mexican deserts which contains a great quantity of drinkable water in its soft, flesh lobes, and sometimes relieves the thirst of travelers in those arid regions. Another water-bearer has recently been found to exist in the desert tortoise, a fine specimen of which was recently brought from the Cajon Pass, in San Bernardino County, California. The water is contained in a bag under the carapace, and a pint of it can be taken from a full-sized specimen. It is believed that the creature gets the water from the above-mentioned cactus, on which it feeds. The cactus and tortoise are almost the only life of those wastes, and nature has doubtless found it necessary to endow them with this water-bearing power. Foremost among the sights which call forth exclamations of astonishment from the tourist is that of the grotesque cactus of Arizona Territory. The plant is leafless, having a bare, fleshy stalk, protected everywhere by sharp and venomous barbs. Its flowers are considered among the choicest, varying from white and yellow to deep crimson or purple. These blossoms, capitulum, are wax-like, and their inflorescence calls to mind Aladdin's fabled experience among the fairy plants, with their sparkling fruits of diamonds and other gems. The fruit is egg-shaped, with a crown on the upper side, and is generally delicious, presenting as varied colors as the flowers. It contains a large quantity of seeds, surrounded by a nicely flavored juicy substance. In different species the fruit in size is all the way up from a canary's to an ostrich's egg. The cactus is almost imperishable, and can live many months without water, although it is only seen in its perfection under a plentiful supply. So hardy is the plant that a piece from any part will take root and grow if placed in the ground, even though it has lain around for a time. It thrives equally well on a piece of bare rock in a scorching tropical sun as it would placed in ice in a northern zone. It is a veritable paradox—a natural curiosity in the vegetable kingdom.—*Corona News Letter*.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICE: Mannheimer Block, Third and Minnesota Streets.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 210 S. Clark St. New York, Mills Building, 15 Broad Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 a year. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition, for ocean postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the main office, St. Paul, Minn., to avoid delay.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$3.50. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

Address, THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1890.

THE DRIFT TO THE CITIES.

The census of 1890, as far as its results have been permitted to become public, confirms a tendency, which each census since 1860 has known to be increasing, of population towards the cities and away from the country. In 1860 the agriculturists were nearly fifty per cent. of the people. In 1890 they had fallen to forty-seven per cent. and the probabilities are that the present count will show a further shrinkage in the proportions that will make the farmers less than forty-five per cent of our population. It is already apparent that there has been a decrease of about ten per cent in the New England States since 1880 and the movement westward to the occupation of new land will hardly more than offset this loss. Whatever the census may show as to the growth of the agricultural population in the West it is known now that the villages and larger towns have done hardly more than to hold their own. It is only the larger centers of trade which have made notable growth in this decade. Meanwhile the natural rate of increase has been augmented by the arrival of over four hundred thousand immigrants annually and aggregating in the decade nearly five million souls.

This tendency has been noticeable for several years and has been made the subject of editorial and other discussion usually pitched on a minor key as if it was a portent of evil, a thing to be checked and deprecated. To any one to whom life seems long enough for something more than the mere acceptance of results, this movement, so opposed to the accepted ideas of the distribution of human activities, offers an inviting field of study into its causes. It will be all the more interesting if he comes to it with a steadfast belief that the movement of the race is progressive; that we are moving forward not backward, and that a thing is not necessarily evil because it opposes any established order or accepted theory. He need not be so optimistic as to ignore all the forces which make for evil in the relations of men, but he may indulge the belief that humanity is working out slowly, with much jarring, amid much injustice, but surely, a reversal of the curse of Eden and the attainment of an industrial condition when men will get with the minimum of effort the maximum of those things which go to support life in comfort.

The causes which make for the enhancement of the urban and the decrease of the rural population are many and are both artificial and natural, working sometimes separately but oftener co-operatively.

Among the first are the railroads with the heavy draft they have made on the population for its able-bodied young men. In 1860 there were 30,635 miles of road in operation; in 1888 there were over 150,000 miles, an increase of 400 per cent. Mr. Depew has recently estimated the number of men in the employment of the roads of this nation at over one million. By far the greater number of this portion of the industrial army are obliged by the conditions of their service to make their homes in the larger cities and have aided materially in disturbing the balance of population between the country and city which existed in 1860. In another and equally powerful way have the railroads of the country drawn people from the smaller towns and villages to the cities by the discrimination they notoriously gave to the latter as manufacturing centers prior to the passage of the inter-state commerce act. So great a factor was this in the profit and loss account of all the manufacturing industries that it overcame the great advantages of lower cost of ground and plant, the lower rate of wages obtainable with a greater steadiness of the supply of labor which the small towns afforded, and became a determinative one in the selection of a location for a new enterprise, while it often induced or compelled the transfer of established factories from the smaller towns to the cities.

Mainly within the decade a new industry has come to yet further diversify the occupations of men and whose future is crowded with possibilities of adaptation to the present wants and the creation of new ones, working as great a revolution among the industries of the race as have the railroads. The extension of the application of electricity to transportation, to illumination and to manufacturing has, directly and indirectly, already drafted into its service a small army of men and we are but on the threshold of its applicability. But as far as developed, its economical use is confined to those places where the compactness of population brings the greatest opportunity and demand for its use within the least area of distribution and thus the effect of the widened application of electricity has been to add a further impetus to the growth of cities.

Another factor which cannot be passed by is the application of machinery to the labors of the farm. Labor-saving is labor-displacing machinery. The farm is carried on with very much less manual labor now than thirty years ago. Save in stacking and threshing time there is now but little demand for assistance. The self-binder has been more effective in dispersing the army of harvesters which, fifteen years ago, followed the ripening grain from Texas north to the boundary, than could have been any law backed by a State's constabulary. Not only has machinery decreased the number of transitory hands employed but it has also loosened the hold of the farm on the sons, who have drifted off usually to the cities as offering the largest field of employment. With the reduction of the cost of production effected by the use of machinery has come an enlargement of the capability of growth of the cities. The unmitigable competition of the farmers with each other has taken from them the profits that came from a lessened cost of production and transferred them to the consumers, decreasing the cost of the principal articles of food and thus rendering easier life in the cities.

Among the artificial causes of this movement must be included the marked partiality which characterizes this nation for those especial industries grouped under the general term of manufactures, of which cities are the natural habitat. Cities of all degrees, either as a corporation or by their citizens, warmly welcome them and aid them with grants of land and loans or gifts of money. For nearly thirty years the Federal Government has carefully fostered this class by shutting out or obstructing competition from outside the national limits with a tax on imports, the ostensible purpose and often the practical effect of which is to allow the manufacturer to add to the natural cost of his goods a "tariff profit," which is as nearly the tariff tax as the diverse and varying con-

ditions of the market will admit. This policy is defended by the plea of the general welfare, and those engaged in other industries are assured that there is to them an indirect benefit which will amply compensate for whatever additional cost it may be to them. Inevitably the effect of such a policy must be the engagement in the favored industries of all who can do so, for it would be a serious reflection of the cuteness of any Yankee to say that he would be content to await the coming of an indirect benefit when he could make sure of a direct one. The change in the nationality of the farmers of the New England States, which in thirty years has been revolutionary, shows the effect of this policy on the farms and what is true there is proportionally true everywhere. Human activities, like all motion, run on the lines of least resistance, and when a Government makes certain lines easier than others it disturbs the natural adjustment of the productive energies of men.

These artificial causes powerfully aid a natural tendency which finds its root in our natures. The social instincts of men chafe at the solitariness of farm life. The young especially feel the restrictions. To them the city presents enchanting attractions. The closer touch with their fellows, the ceaseless round of amusements, the shorter hours of labor, the greater ease with which homes can be made attractive, the higher prizes to be won, the lighted streets, the street railways, the libraries and art galleries, all make the city a world of delights to the country boy or girl apart from and above their humdrum, toilsome, unsocial life, the entry into which is the subject of their day-dreams and often the goal of their ambition. No wonder, then, that we see a constant stream from the farms and agricultural villages of the more energetic and ambitious young men and women running cityward in ever augmenting volume until it becomes, as now, one of the marked features of the nation's decennial count.

MORE RAIN IN THE DAKOTAS.

About a year ago this magazine predicted, on the authority of one of the most distinguished climatologists in the United States, Prof. Powell, Chief of the Geological Survey at Washington, that the year 1889 would be the last year of the dry period in the plains country of the West and that 1890 would begin a period of increasing rain-fall to last six or seven years. At about the same time Prof. Warren Upham, Assistant Geologist of the Survey, working in North Dakota under the direction of Prof. Powell, made the same prediction in a letter to the *Jamestown Alert*, and that newspaper thought the matter of sufficient importance to make it the theme of a circular to farmers. Now the *Alert* re-publishes Prof. Upham's letter and rejoices that the results of the year 1890 have more than borne out the prediction of the scientist, and says: "The rains came and the moisture has been abundant. If localities are not blessed with good crops it is not caused by lack of rainfall. The average for the five months of April, May, June, July and August, according to the U. S. signal observer at St. Vincent, which applies fairly well to all parts of the State, is 11.50 inches. For the same five months in 1889 the average was but 5.69 inches, the lowest in a term of nine years—a period corresponding to the time of the cycle of change, as stated by Mr. Upham. "While the wheat crop for the State will be fair," the *Alert* goes on to say, "the rains have been sufficient, had they arrived earlier, to make the crop one of the biggest in the history of the State. The hay crop has been entirely satisfactory. It is easy to discover by the numerous stacks dotting the low places on the prairie and surrounding the farm houses, that no trouble has been felt in securing plenty of hay for stock. Oats and barley and other grains are fair crops and only suffered from hot winds."

The dry period extended over the entire plains country from Manitoba to the Gulf. It was less severely felt in Manitoba and in the northern part of North Dakota than in the regions further south. Kansas has suffered more than any other region. It

is reported that 200,000 people have moved out of that State during the past two years on account of the failure of crops and the consequent falling off in the business of the towns. In the Dakotas the farmers have now generally accepted, it would seem, the theory of the climatologists that there always have been and always will be in the plains country west of the Mississippi Valley regular recurrent periods of greater and less precipitation. They look forward with confidence to a series of wet years, and are plowing more land than ever, and taking hold of their farm work with something of their old-time zeal and enthusiasm. Five or six years of good crops will pay off their debts, stock their farms with sheep and cattle and bring them in a condition to go through the next dry cycle without embarrassment. Prof. Upham's letter of a year ago will now be re-read with fresh interest by all Dakota people. We quote its conclusions:

The distrust of the farming prospects of North and South Dakota rests largely on a belief which many entertain that the dry seasons are to continue; and a spirit of confidence and better perseverance would take its place, if only the experience of the earliest settlers of this region should be consulted. A dozen years ago the sloughs were generally dry as they are to-day; since then, between 1880 and 1885, they were filled with water by the plentiful snows and rains, and bountiful harvests rewarded the farmer's toil. Following out this experience for what it promises for the future, we see the present dry seasons and depression of business succeeded within the coming few years, probably even next year, by increasing rainfall, which is sure to bring again the lakelets filling the lake beds that are now dry, and with the rains such harvests as made the land rejoice a few years ago and built up the many villages and towns that dot these prairies. "It is always darkest just before dawn." Therefore let not those who have been pioneers for the settlement of this fertile area leave it in this year of its minimum rainfall; for there is very surely to come in their rotation years of plentiful rain and as large harvests as a few years ago.

All the lakes of North and South Dakota have fluctuated many times from stages of low level to stages of high level, dependent on the variations in the average yearly snowfall and rainfall. Remarkable shore lines of such high stages of water are seen about Devil's Lake, Stump Lake, Spiritwood Lake, and indeed every lake of considerable size in the region. The length of time since the first settlement for farming in North and South Dakota has, however, been insufficient for recording several alternations of their low and high stages. But we have only to go half way east toward the Atlantic to find a reliable record of the general climatic law which prevails throughout the Northwest and with more or less uniformity all the way east to New England. This is afforded by the variations in the heights of the great lakes tributary to the St. Lawrence.

The great Laurentian lakes attained their highest stage, within our knowledge since the advent of white men, in 1838; but they were nearly as high in 1814-15 and 1788. Since 1838 they have reached maximum stages in 1847, '58, '70, and '82. These lag two or three years behind the times of maximum rainfall, which were in 1836, 1853, and 1880.

The lowest known stage of these lakes was in the winter of 1819-20, when Lake Erie was six feet lower than in 1838. In 1796 it was five feet lower than in 1838. Other years of minimum, mostly somewhat less remarkable, were 1841, '53, '65, and '75.

Inspecting these records, it will be seen that a succession of unusually dry years, lowering the lake levels, have alternated with series of wet years by which the lakes have been raised to maximum stages, in cycles of ten or twelve years from one maximum, through at least five such cycles, occupying the past fifty years. No better assurance could be asked that the present years of drouth will be soon followed by their opposite. In just the same direction is the testimony of the white trappers and voyagers and of the Indians, who well remember several such rotations from plentiful to deficient rainfall and back again to abundant snow and rain, with all the lakes, sloughs and rivers filled, within the same period of half a century past. If the cycle of ten or twelve years repeat itself again, it is now at its turning point, and those who remain will share the renewed prosperity that it promises.

The Northern Pacific now operates 5,018 miles of road, including the leased lines of the Wisconsin Central. In 1885 the company operated 2,496 miles. A gain of 100 per cent. in mileage in five years is a big showing. It marks the steady progress of population and business in the Northwest. When the road was opened in 1873 as a through line to the Pacific Coast its mileage was less than 2,000.



THERE flourishes in St. Paul two notable church movements that are outside of regular religious forms and organizations. One is the People's Church, which has much the largest audience room in the city and provides a comfortable home in the same novel structure for literary and social societies and for various forms of charitable work. The People's Church grew out of the strong and original personality of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, who became restive under the restraints of Methodism and particularly under its itineracy requirements, which debar a minister from the enjoyments of a permanent home and make him a wanderer from town to town until he is placed on the list of worn-out supernumeraries. Dr. Smith determined to have a church of his own and his success in this effort has been remarkable. He still holds on to orthodoxy, through the medium of the Apostle's Creed, which his congregation repeat every Sunday as a regular feature of the service, but his preaching takes a very broad and liberal range and his religion appears to be one of good works and right living rather than of any special, prescribed form of belief. The doctor is of English birth, of medium stature, muscular and energetic, with a swarthy complexion, dark eyes and black moustache. He dictates the general form of his sermons to a typewriter, reads the manuscript over Sunday morning and then delivers his discourse without looking at the manuscript or at any notes or headings. The sermon may wander far from the type-writer copy; but the preacher finds the habit of dictation very useful in fixing his thoughts on the theme he wishes to pursue and in securing orderly arrangement and condensation. As a pulpit orator Dr. Smith has few equals. His congregation is composed of people of almost all social grades and of a wide range of variation in religious belief. The music is furnished by a large choir, leading the congregational singing, and by a fine organ.

THE other notable religious movement in St. Paul is that of Rev. Dr. Walter S. Vall, who was sent out from Boston about two years ago to revive the half-dead Universalist organization in this city. He began his preaching in a little chapel, with an audience of two or three dozen people, and his congregation has grown until it now fills the new Grand Opera House every Sunday morning. There is very little in common between the faith of Dr. Vall and that of the old staid Universalist churches of New England, judging from his sermons. He preaches a religion of humanity that is independent of any form or body of theological doctrine. He talks most of the questions of the day—education, the ballot, the poverty problem, the duties of wealth, the modern views and interpretations of scripture, non-theological arguments for immortality, the progress of science, and the like. He is a great reader and takes his illustrations largely from the new books and magazines. He is always in touch with the most advanced thought of the day. Music forms a large part of his theatre services, which start off like a concert with piano, violins, horns and good vocal solos and duets. Dr. Vall's sermons are largely worked out in manuscript in advance, but he preaches them without notes. His style is rather conversational than oratorical but he occasionally soars off in a fine flight of eloquence. He is about forty, of light complexion, medium stature and sturdy build and his genial face shows that he has never been obliged to struggle with the gloomy problems of mediæval theology.

I WONDER whether many of my readers know that there is still a large unsettled country in Wisconsin and that much of the wilderness district of that comparatively old State is good farming land. The pine lands are of little value for agriculture but the hardwood lands in Northern Wisconsin are as fertile as the prairies. These lands are slowly settling up, and the present demand for oak lumber for interior finishing and for furniture has much to do with the process. The new settler in that region, who is pretty sure to be a Scandinavian or a German, takes up a claim, builds a log house for his family and goes to work cutting logs or railroad ties. He earns good wages with his axe the year round. In a year or two he has redeemed a field or two from the forest and can keep a couple of cows on the pasture and hay. He keeps at work, clears another field next year, turns his stock into it and sows the first field with wheat. In a few years he has a farm and a good one, too, and there is no mortgage on it. Perhaps the best illustration of this process of turning the forests into fields and making the operation pay for itself as it goes on, is found on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad between Abbotsford and Ashland. Already a number of active little towns, such as Phillips, Medford, Westboro and Friesland have grown up and are well sustained by the farmers, wood-cutters and lumbermen in the neighboring country.

THERE was an interesting spectacle in Spokane Falls the other day and one that could hardly have been witnessed under like circumstances anywhere outside of one of the public-spirited communities of the Northwest. A strike had occurred among the saw-mill men. The owners managed to get a force of new men. Then the other trades organizations, unjust and bull-headed, as such organizations are apt to become in a time of labor agitation, resolved to boycott the mills and to work for nobody that bought lumber of them. The city was putting up an exposition building at the time and rushing it with all haste to get it ready for the opening of the fair. Some material was needed without delay which could only be had of one of the boycotted mills and a small quantity was accordingly bought from that mill. Immediately all the carpenters working on the building struck. Here was an emergency. The exposition was an affair in which every man in Spokane Falls who loved his city felt an intense interest, and the whole project was likely to be ruined by a resolution passed in a secret meeting of a few score of carpenters. Without wasting a day in talk, hundreds of prominent citizen of all professions and occupations, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and capitalists, took off their coats and took up the work of shingling the roof. The throng of amateur carpenters was led by the Hon. A. M. Cannon, the pioneer banker and merchant, who is called the father of the town, and who mounted a ladder, clad in blue overalls and hammer in hand. The strikers tried to intimidate the volunteers, but a great crowd of enthusiastic people assembled and cheered on the work. By afternoon enough non-union carpenters had been enlisted to relieve the amateurs and to avert all danger to the exposition enterprise from the threatened unreadiness of the building.

A LADY in New York writes as follows about the contrast between Western and Eastern cities: "In looking at your pictures of fine buildings in your section, it seems to me that out your way not only does the idea of improvement take hold of the people, but this idea is carried out with the result that in a short time in what were lately wild country places, handsome buildings spring up, streets are lighted in the most modern style, and a general wide awake, go ahead interest is taken by every resident. Your public officials seems to look upon their respective cities as a personal charge and try to bring them to grade AA. Now, it is a well known fact that here in New York City everything is shamefully conducted. We have some magnificent buildings, regular "sky scrapers," but the streets

are so unclean, pavements broken, that a general repelling look is around most of them. The New York *World* edifice is very handsome, but the street it stands at the head of, Frankfort, is a narrow, dirty one and the buildings are old and look as though through weakness they would fall on the passer-by. But as most people in the Western towns are under middle age, that may account for things. In New York the wealthiest citizens are past the half century of life and it is slow work to get such to think and move like young blood. But with each mayor we hope for better things, and that is good, for without hope we could not live."

It will be a long time before the hostile feeling between St. Paul and Minneapolis, growing out of the controversy over the census, will fully abate. Probably four or five years will elapse before there will again be a sentiment of amiability and co-operation such as existed last winter and found its expression at the banquets of the Twin Cities Commercial Club and the meeting of other organizations formed to draw the leading men of both places together into more frequent and friendly association. It would be the part of wisdom to forget the whole trouble as soon as possible, but cities, like individuals, remember their quarrels and often nurse their wrath to keep it warm. I shall not here discuss the question of where the fault lies—that is a matter of current history; everybody knows that the row grew out of the establishment in Minneapolis of a bureau for the purpose of enlarging by various means the census beyond the results to be expected from the unassisted work of the Government enumerators. I only note the palpable fact that there will be for a time much more pulling apart than pulling together in the efforts of both cities to get ahead, and I make the prediction that if either gains by this new antagonism it will be St. Paul. The capital city has not been as self-assertive, as aggressive or as public-spirited as her younger sister up the river and has not made as much of her opportunities and advantages. Her people are now stirred up to fresh efforts by the knowledge that if Minneapolis is not actually ahead in the race she is determined on all occasions to make the country at large believe she is.

An increase in the past year of 629 miles in the mileage operated by the Northern Pacific Railroad is announced in the quiet form of Treasurer Baxter's monthly statement printed on another page. These figures are significant. They show how a great railroad corporation grows like a great fortune, by an inherent law of growth. They are eloquent, too, if you look behind them for their full meaning, of the continued progress of the Northwestern States. I used to write "States and Territories," when speaking of the Northwest, but there is now no Northwestern Territory except far-away Alaska. The Northern Pacific runs through an unbroken phalanx of States all the way from Lake Superior to the shores of the Pacific. It is a big concern and it is getting bigger every year. No limits yet appear in the future to the policy of careful and conservative expansion it is now pursuing. During the ensuing year it will have its line completed on the east shore of Puget Sound to the British boundary and will also finish its line to Gray's Harbor and Willapa Harbor. It will probably cross the Columbia River with its Big Bend line and get into the Okanogan Country. It will push a road, rather slowly at first, up into the wilderness west of the Olympic Mountains to aid the settlement of that almost unknown region. Its line to Lewiston, Idaho, will soon be ready for operating and will go on up the Snake River towards the Seven Devils copper region. Its cut-off line through the Cœur d'Alene Country will be opened to traffic. A road to the Kootenai mining district in Western Montana is on the cards and so is one to the Castle Mines in Eastern Montana. There is hope too, for the building of a road into the rich mineral district of Cooke City, adjacent to the National Yellowstone Park. In the Dakotas a road is already being graded from Oakes

through Aberdeen to Pierre, under Northern Pacific auspices, and coming east as far as Minnesota there seems to be more than a stock-market rumor to warrant the opinion that the St. Paul and Duluth road will before long be taken into the Northern Pacific system.

ONE OF THE GREAT ROADS.

The annual report of the Northern Pacific road, briefly mentioned in these columns yesterday, is as flattering a statement as one often sees, and is an additional proof that the road is ranking as one of the really great American railways.

The grand growth of the Northern Pacific, in all that goes to make up a superb railway system, is one of the most unique and remarkable instances of advancement on record. It has overcome tremendous obstacles, it has had difficulties that seemed unsurmountable, but the fertility of resources of the country it occupies, the strategic position it holds and the hearty enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* of its officials, high and low, have brought about a result that can be of but great value to this city and the Northwest. In its financial stability, in arrangements for the control of branch lines to the East, to the North and the West, in its engineering feats, in its equipment, it shows management of the best type. Duluth, as its terminus and main shipping point, can well be proud of the Northern Pacific.

Its fiscal statement for the past year is noteworthy, from the fact that it includes the first regular dividends of the company. Its earnings, \$22,610,000, are sufficient to rank it in the first class, its expenses, \$13,089,000, show economy, while its surplus after paying dividends, \$578,000, is a pleasing proof that the dividends were not paid except from actual earnings and of increased divisions to stockholders in the future.

The Northern Pacific road has extensive plans for early development, most of which will insure to the benefit of Duluth. It is probable that the road will, in another year, have its fleet of lake steamers under way, carrying its products from Duluth to the East, it will have its Manitoba lines extended to cover the grain fields of the Province; it will be stronger and greater in every way. Duluth is interested in more ways than it is realized in the success of this road.—*Duluth Herald.*

THE NEW BUTTE SHORT LINE.

On the first of the present month, the Northern Pacific Railroad made quite a radical change in the operation of its through Pacific Coast passenger train service. Prior to that date, the Butte air line extending some seventy miles from Logan to Butte was completed and put in first class shape for operation.

Under the new plan, trains No. three and four run via Butte, the Montana Union and Garrison, while trains No. one and two are run as heretofore via Helena. The short line train service has also been established between Butte and Logan to make connections with trains one and two which run via Helena and Garrison, while similar service has been established between Helena and Logan for trains three and four running via Garrison and Butte.

This is the first time in the history of Butte when it has been given by any railroad company through passenger train service between that point and the Pacific Coast, and St. Paul and Chicago on the East, and this coupled with the fact that this new Butte cut off makes the Northern Pacific the shortest line by 120 miles between St. Paul, Chicago and Eastern Territory and Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge and other towns in that vicinity makes it very apparent that the Northern Pacific from this time forward is likely to do a largely increased passenger business between this great mining camp and the East and the Pacific Coast.

The scenery on the Butte cut-off is perhaps quite as fine as anything along the whole line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Jefferson Canyon and

Home Stake Pass being exceptionally fine. At Jefferson Bar, at the entrance to Jefferson Canyon, hydraulic placer mining is carried on very extensively on the site of a placer claim worked twenty years ago. The flume is something like twelve miles in length and was constructed at an expense of some \$40,000, a number of rock tunnels being necessary on the side of the mountain along which the flume was constructed. It is said that the owners of the placer claims are taking out in gold some four or five hundred dollars per day.

WONDERFUL WASHINGTON.

Speaking of the Northwest country, the State of Washington shows a more magnificent advance during the past ten years than any other State ever did in this Union. Its population ten years ago was 75,000. Now it is just about five times 75,000 people, showing an increase of nearly 400 per cent. No one can appreciate the rush and roar there who has not been there to see. There is probably not another so interesting a spot in the Union to-day to the business man as the Puget Sound country. Great cities are springing up all around it, and when asked what is to support those cities, the people exulting point to their timber, to their agricultural lands, to their mines, to their fisheries, and to the great ocean that rolls before them. In the matter of mines an old shrewd miner told a friend of the writer of this a few days since that just up back of Seattle they had a new Leadville, as they would demonstrate within the next year.

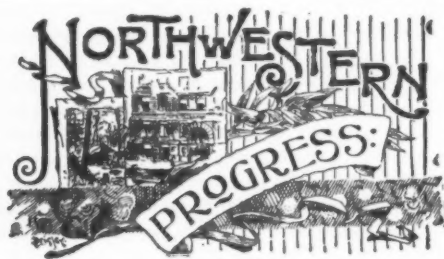
A letter received from another old friend speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of some coal measures he is opening up back of Whatcom. Eastern Washington has room for more wheat fields than any two Eastern States possess, and the land produces just about twice as much per acre as anywhere in the East. The timber long ago established its own reputation. It is measured by counties almost. It is practically inexhaustible, and in quality it has no rival in the world. Of course the fisheries are as yet only half developed, but they will in the near future rival those of Newfoundland. No wonder the people are exultant; no wonder they are hopeful; no wonder new men are flocking there by thousands every week to take part in the great advance, for the elements of wealth are there. It is as fair a land as ever the sun looked upon, and it is surrounded by premises as rich as ever came to cheer the hearts of waiting people.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

In the Western Union fire in New York "a life-gun," carrying a line, was used to rescue some of the people in the tenth story. This gun carries a 44-calibre blank cartridge, in which is rolled a slender line 500 feet long. It can be fired 300 feet into the air, and the slender line is used to carry a heavier rope up to the top of high buildings, when all other means of escape is cut off. It is similar to the torpedo guns used in the life-saving service to throw a line to a disabled vessel, and offers to be a very useful adjunct to the apparatus of the fire department where there are high buildings beyond the reach of ladders. This was the first opportunity the New York fire department had to test their torpedo gun and it was successful.

"Jack Frost."

A character known for ages and one whose habits though somewhat deprecated at times, are as regular as that of our Grandfather's clock. He is said to be already at his pranks again and causing much uneasiness that something may be "nipped" before proper precautions are taken to keep him at bay. Such experiences remind us that soon preparations will want to be made for trips to warmer climes, where Jack and Old Sol have had their bout long since, and the latter left in full possession of the field.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway is the direct line to Hot Springs, Arkansas, Colorado points and all California and Southern winter resorts. For full information call on any Agent of that Company, or address C. M. Praeger, G. T. & P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.



Wisconsin.

EX-GOVERNOR THAD C. POUND has returned to Chipewaga Falls from Europe, where he has been for the purpose of inducing capitalists to invest in timber lands lying thirty miles each side of that city. He secured a large number who are willing to put money into the scheme as soon as a few obstacles can be overcome. The scheme is to bring over English colonies to farm the lands, which are rich. Hardwood timber covers the land, and will be manufactured. It is anticipated several million dollars will be forthcoming from the English.

Minnesota.

THE Wisconsin Central has lately completed a branch to Stillwater and is now running passenger trains between that city and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

J. J. HILL, of the Great Northern Railroad, has given half a million dollars to found a Catholic theological seminary in St. Paul. Two hundred thousand will go for buildings and the remainder will be endowment.

DULUTH has a population of 32,725, according to the census, an increase of 30,080 since 1880, or 1,103 per cent. The suburbs of Lakeside and West Duluth are not included, being separate municipalities. The *News* says that those suburbs add 8,000 to the actual population of the city.

DULUTH *News*: The showing of the assessed valuations of Duluth property is most gratifying. Taking the comparisons for the city of Duluth, town of Duluth, West Duluth and Lakeside there is a total increase in valuation of \$14,243,481. West Duluth alone shows an increase of \$4,978,700. When the youth of the city is considered, together with the fact that the assessments this year were made on a lower basis than that of last, the result is remarkable. A large number of good-sized fortunes is represented by this increase. Duluth as a whole is so many millions richer than she was a year ago.

THE census recount of the Twin Cities gave Minneapolis a population of 164,738 and St. Paul 133,301. Neither city is satisfied with this result. The first count gave Minneapolis 181,000 and St. Paul 143,000. St. Paul newspapers claim that the Minneapolis special agent in charge of the count made a liberal interpretation of the rules in the cases of people whose names were handed in by the citizen's committee as living in that city but temporarily absent, while the St. Paul special agent excluded thousands of such persons fairly entitled to enumeration. We hold to the opinion previously expressed and based on directory names, school enrollment, post-office business and other reliable statistics that the actual difference of population in favor of Minneapolis is from 10,000 to 15,000.

North Dakota.

THE Minnesota and Dakota Land Company has recently sold a number of tracts of land in Barnes County for sheep ranches.

"UNCLE" JOHN RUSSELL, a leading farmer and miller of Valley City, is bringing twenty car loads of sheep into Barnes County. He proposes to invest \$25,000 in this important industry.

ACKERMAN BROS. got 2,600 pounds of wool from 350 head of sheep. Mr. Clark Ackerman informs us that the increase of their flock this Spring was about eighty-five per cent.—*Carrington Independent*.

A SYNDICATE has been organized in this city which will be known as the Maher-McCarthy Sheep-syndicate. Its object will be to furnish the farmers of North Dakota and Minnesota with sheep on easy terms. Their ranch will be west of Park River. Mr. McCarthy is now in Montana and expects to have upon his ranch within the next ten days at least 6,000 sheep as a first consignment, to be followed in rapid succession by other large consignments as fast as they can be purchased and concentrated at given points in Montana.—*Fargo Argus*.

THERE is at last a strong interest awakened among our South Dakota neighbors regarding the lignite fuel of this region, and it is safe to assume that this coming Winter many of the dwellers in the claim shanties, farm houses and town homes of the counties adjacent to the Missouri in South Dakota, will be burning McLean County coal at less than three dollars a ton, in place of Iowa, Indiana,

and Illinois soft coal (not by any means guiltless of slate) at \$7.50 to \$9. In the coming winter also, the thoughts of many will be turned to the study, earnest and practical, of means by which all parts of the two States may be readily supplied with North Dakota lignite at medium rates.—*Washburn Mail*.

J. E. BRITTON has returned from his extended trip through South Dakota, where he went to interview the people about the abundance of coal with which McLean County is underlain. In Pierre Mr. Britton was the cause of organizing a coal company which is to mine our coal this Fall and ship it down the river to Pierre in barges. He produced to the Pierretes numerous facts regarding the high standard of our lignite, the cheap and simple way by which it could be mined, etc. Among the stock holders in the coal company are the most prominent men of Pierre, men who are interested in the welfare of the city and surrounding country, and men who are possessors of means to make this new enterprise a glaring success, and their desire is to push it to its utmost. Too much praise can not be bestowed on Mr. Britton for what he has done for the development of this valuable fuel.—*Washburn Mail*.

THE DAKOTAS ALL RIGHT—It is the fashion just now to write of the Dakotas as an arid land. A summary of their production of cereals will compare very favorably with the product of any other State, or group of States, at a similar stage of development. The short crops of the last two years, by far the most disastrous in the experience of the two States, do not sustain the gloomy views entertained of their future. As a matter of fact many counties have harvested fairly good crops and none have suffered a total failure. The grand aggregate of production is sufficient refutation of most of the reports circulated by the bulls and other interested parties. Further proof of the correctness of this view is found in the action of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in contracting to build nearly two hundred miles of road between Oakes and Aberdeen and Pierre, a section which has fared as badly as any. The confidence shown by the corporation is shared by the people of both States who are insuring against future crop failures by undertaking an extensive system of artesian well irrigation. The Dakotas are all right.—*Ashland, Wis., News*.

THE product of North Dakota's flour mills is gaining in reputation for excellence every day. Its name and fame will soon be co-extensive with the Minneapolis brands, and there is every reason to believe that it will be, in time, the first choice in the list of patent flours. Competition in flour manufacturing is so great, and the margin of profit so little, that every small mill is required to use the latest improved milling machinery. This is not only demanded by local patronage but is an absolute necessity to secure and retain foreign customers. North Dakota has the cheap coal for fuel, and the best hard wheat in the world for flour, both at the doors of every mill. North Dakota mills are already running day and night, and shipping flour to Liverpool, New York, New Orleans, Portland—to all the markets of the world. The business is hardly in its infancy. Yet according to its last report there are twelve mills in the State of over 200 barrels a day capacity, the value of whose annual product is nearly \$2,000,000, and twenty-three mills under 200 barrels capacity whose annual output amounts to over a million dollars. As yet the capital employed in this manufacturing industry is small, but the inducements for its profitable increase will grow stronger each year.—*Jamestown Alert*.

South Dakota.

THE three largest cities or towns of S. Dakota to-day are Sioux Falls, 12,500; Yankton, a little over 4,000, and Pierre, the capital, third with a little below 4,000, but growing so rapidly that she really to-day is the second city. Ten years ago, where Pierre now stands there was nothing but a great Indian reservation, without a white man's house within 120 miles in the nearest direction.

THE threshing has been done on the Hitchcock farm, where the irrigation experiment was made. The water used was the waste from the artesian well. The water was not turned on until June, suitable preparation for the experiment not having been made. The twenty acres of imperfectly irrigated wheat goes twenty-three bushels to the acre. It weighs sixty-two pounds to the bushel, and grades No. 1 hard. Wheat in same field, same treatment, except the irrigation, will not yield five bushels per acre. A difference of eighteen bushels per acre, with a big difference in the grade, will pay a big dividend on the cost of irrigation.—*Huron Huronite*.

Montana.

THE Montana cattle run will exceed the run of last year by 20,000 head. That is to say, there will move eastward from the ranges northwest of here 104,000 head, instead of 84,000 head, which was the total number last year.

THE Spotted Horse Mine which was bonded to Gov. Hauser, Hon. A. M. Holter and others for \$500,000, and given up by them, after spending considerable money on it and paying Mr. P. W. McAdow, the owner, \$200,000, has

again become a producer. Two large veins of high grade ore was recently struck, one of which is seven feet wide and the other four. Maiden will again look up, if these veins prove to be continuous.

WE are not so selfish that we cannot congratulate Butte on securing one of the through trains over the Northern Pacific, though to our loss and inconvenience. Butte certainly deserves this measure of recognition, and our interest in Helena does not disable us from being proud of the greatest mining center in the world.—*Helena Herald*.

A RAILROAD from Missoula to the Flathead region is a certainty. There are as good reasons now for the construction of the branch as there was for building the Bitter Root line four years ago. The latter enterprise was thought to be a hazardous undertaking at the time, but it is now the most profitable feeder in the entire Northern Pacific system.—*Missoulian*.

FOUR thousand men are engaged in the Missoula cut-off, and the work of laying the track is being pushed at the rate of about a mile every twenty-four hours. This line is being constructed by the Northern Pacific Railway, and it is expected to have the road completed to the State line by the last of November. About twenty-five miles of the extension of the Great Northern Railway have been completed west of Assiniboine, and the contractors are increasing their force of men, so as to complete the 108 miles to the summit of the mountains before compelled to quit work for the winter.

MONTANA is the location of the Granite Mountain Silver Mine, which is the phenomenon of the past decade in silver mining. It is entirely owned by St. Louis men, chief among whom are L. M. Rumsey and Brother, Dr. A. B. Ewing and John Clark. Its stock originally sold for twenty-five cents per share and went begging at that. It began to pay about five years ago. The stock now sells on the open market for \$43 to \$45, the par value being \$25. The regular monthly dividend paid is fifty cents per share, or six dollars a year. In five years over nine million dollars has been taken out of the mine and it shows no signs of exhaustion. It has made five or six men millionaires and a dozen men wealthy.—*Cor. N. Y. Press*.

AN old resident of Butte writes as follows to THE NORTHWEST about that wonderful mining metropolis and its allied town of Anaconda: "There is no town in the world to-day that has the prospects of Butte. There is no town for its size that is doing the business of Butte. A gentleman who lives in Boston and is directly connected with the largest properties here offered to bet me \$1,000 that in five years from now 6,000 tons of ore would be hauled daily from Butte to Great Falls. Then again, look at the little town of Anaconda. How many people know that the improvements which the Anaconda Co. commenced three months ago will cost two millions six hundred thousand of dollars before the work is completed. Let J. B. Haggin announce to the world that he will spend \$2,600,000 in permanent improvements at Tacoma, Seattle or Spokane Falls and property would jump out of sight and make a fellow think that he was negotiating for the lots on which the Bank of England building stands in London. Such is the truth and yet Butte and Anaconda are about as widely known as Pony or Norris."

Idaho.

A LUCKY FIND.—Considerable excitement has been stirred up this week over the discovery of a quarry of magnesite rock. The rock is found on the Asotin about fifteen miles from Lewiston, and is of the same kind as the famous Kansas building rock. R. W. Beale, of Spokane Falls, has visited the prospect and is enthusiastic over the result. He says he has worked tons of the Kansas stone and this is the same quality and texture. For building stone and ornamental purposes the stone cannot be excelled. It is fine grained and easily cut into any shape. An ordinary penknife will whittle it into form, but it hardens on exposure and has more tenacity than brick. It is fire proof and in a building makes a magnificent appearance. Many of the finest public buildings in Kansas are chiefly of this material.—*Lewiston Teller*.

Oregon.

PORTLAND came out of the recount with flying colors, the second enumeration showing 62,442 people in the city and its suburbs of East Portland and Albina. This is a gain of over 10,000 on the first count. It is plain that the census bureau at Washington felt no prejudice against Portland and gave it a fair show.

Washington.

THE population of Washington is 330,000. In 1880 it was only 75,000.

SEATTLE has forty miles of street railway in operation—chiefly electric and cable.

THE Olympia & Chehalis Valley railroad, between Tenino and Olympia, has been widened from a narrow to a standard gauge rail. The road now belongs to the

Oregon Improvement Company, and will become a part of the Port Townsend & Southern Railroad.

THE Whatcom Reveille has blossomed out as a daily. It had long been one of the largest and best-edited weeklies in Washington.

ONE evidence of the growth and prosperity of a new State is the increase in the number of local papers. Since the middle of January of the present year no less than eighty-nine newspapers have been started in this State.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

SEE what irrigation does for crops. The Yakima Republican says: "Harvest is almost over in this neighborhood. Crops are on the whole excellent. Wheat will average 35, oats 40 and barley 50 bushels. Two crops of alfalfa averaging one and a half tons have been cut and a third is in rapid growth. Two crops of red clover yielding a ton per acre will also be cut. Hops, too, look well and the farmers are satisfied."

WE look for the time when this will be one of the best dairying States in the Union, and the Nooksack Valley is perhaps better adapted to the production of milk, butter and cheese than any other part of the State. Milk is sold at the present time in nearly all the Sound cities at from twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon in quantities of not less than three gallons, while it can be produced at a cost of from ten to twelve cents at the highest.—*Whatcom Bulletin*.

A CAREFUL estimate of the amount of money to be expended in improvements, other than private buildings, in this city, within a year shows that not less than \$5,000,000 are now appropriated for that purpose. This is for railroad terminals, wharves and warehouses, city and county buildings and the Tacoma Land Company's hotel. More than another million will be paid will be paid out in the vicinity of Tacoma for hops this Fall. The expenditure of all this money will make business good for the coming year. Private improvements are going steadily forward. Tacoma is growing every day.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

THE vast and rich territory lying back of Hoquiam, between Gray's Harbor and the Olympia Mountains, the wonderful resources of which are sufficient to build and support a city of 50,000 people—and that within the next few years—while apparently adjacent to the entire Gray's Harbor water front, is in fact, owing to the peculiar conformation of rivers and hills, most immediately and naturally tributary to Hoquiam alone. A natural draw up the valley of the Hoquiam River, thence to the Humptulips Valley, which drains a large portion of this grand belt of timber and agricultural land, makes Hoquiam the natural depot of supply and market for the large number of settlers who are rapidly taking possession of this land of promise.—*Hoquiam Washingtonian*.

Manitoba.

THE Northern Pacific Railway Company is collecting samples of Manitoba grains, etc., to send to United States fairs. This should prove of great advantage to the country. The placing of these exhibits on exhibition by the Northern Pacific will carry more weight in the United States than if they were shown by a purely Canadian company. The Northern Pacific is known in the United States as a powerful home corporation, and the display of these exhibits will show the people of the United States that this great company is interested in Manitoba. They will conclude that the company would not extend its lines into Manitoba unless there was something there worth going after. It was stated long ago that a second powerful railway corporation in Manitoba would be a great inducement to immigration. The Northern Pacific can wield a great influence in the direction of securing settlers for our vacant lands, and it evidently intends to use its influence to that end. If the Northern Pacific had a landed interest in the province, such as the other railways enjoy, the inducement to exert itself in behalf of securing settlers for Manitoba would of course be very much greater.

British Columbia.

THE city council of New Westminster has approved of plans for the new public library building to be erected. The building will be of brick and stone, three stories and basement with a frontage on Columbia Street of sixty-six feet. The ground floor will be taken up with stores. The second floor will be divided into a library room, gents' reading room and ladies' reading room, newspaper room and librarian's office. The third floor will be taken up with a room for chess, draughts, etc., and a smoking room and a mechanics' institute.

Peckson—"My dear, I trust you will not be jealous, but I really have not encouraged Bridget's attention. Why should she send me this lock of hair?" Mrs. P. (hysterically)—"What! The vixen! A lock of hair! She must have sent it in the mails!" Peckson—"Not exactly. She sent it in the soup."

A HANDSOME BUSINESS BLOCK.

St. Paul owes much of her bright, cleanly appearance to the firm of Bazille & Partridge. They have painted well, and they have painted artistically, as the most elegantly finished business blocks and most costly residences on St. Anthony Hill attest. And their work in the way of interior decorations may also well be a matter of pride with them, their designs and executions far surpassing that of any house in the Northwest.

With this article is given a representation of the firm's four-story, brown-stone building on Jackson Street, above Eighth. It is a particularly handsome structure, strictly modern in architectural features, and arranged for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing business of the house. "Yet, 'twas not always thus." Bazille & Partridge commenced business in a very modest way eighteen years ago in a



BAZILLE & PARTRIDGE'S NEW BUILDING, JACKSON STREET, ST. PAUL.

little 8x10 building on the present site of the Bank of Minnesota. A better, more impressive illustration of Northwestern enterprise and progressiveness could not be produced than by contrasting that little frame shop, which in 1872 sufficed for all their operations, with the elegant structure they now occupy.

Bazille & Partridge do a business of about \$100,000 a year in painting. They employ no less than 125 men, and their pay-roll last year jotted up over \$33,000. This is nearly all high-class labor, for which big wages is paid. The city of St. Paul gains much from the operations of such a firm.

It costs \$10,000 merely for the "spring cleaning" of a great hotel like the Fifth Avenue, says the *New York Star*. To take up carpets, cleanse and repair them and put them down again, to wash the paint, repaint, repaper, and all the thousand and one things which a great house needs with each new year, costs the proprietor of the Fifth Avenue \$10,000.

New York, via Washington.

One of the most delightful routes between Chicago and the East is over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to New York, by the way of Washington. The trip possesses many peculiar charms, especially to one whose journeyings have never taken him to the borders of the sunny Southland. The ride through the Monongahela Valley, across the mountains of West Virginia, and then along the gentle flowing Potomac, awakens a keen interest in the lover of natural scenery. Much of the ground traversed has unique historical associations. A large part of this region was debatable land at the time of the civil war. Across these fields and down along these dusty roads once marched now the Blue and now the Gray. These valleys once rang with cheers; now for the Stars and Stripes, and now for the Stars and Bars. These mountainous heights more than once echoed the sounds of deadly conflict. Here General Lee's army crossed the Potomac on that carefully planned invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania which ended so disastrously at Gettysburg. Here Stonewall Jackson directed his forces on that "grand hunting excursion," by which he corralled the Federal forces in Harper's Ferry and compelled them to surrender. And here at Harper's Ferry is still seen the old brick fort where John Brown took his stand in defiance of the slave-holding power. To one who remembers when these names were first written in blood, what an excitement of feeling the mention of them arouses; Antietam, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, Shenandoah, Harper's Ferry, Ball's Bluff. It is no ordinary experience to pass through a region fraught with such tragic memories.

The train hurries on; and soon there is seen dimly in the distance a white marble shaft, and then a great white dome, and then other pinnacles and spires, and Washington is reached.

Even the most cursory glance at the city is sure to be profoundly impressive. A half hour's drive through the streets will reveal more clearly than any detailed description possibly can, those features which have given the city its reputation and made it, in one sense, the Mecca of all patriotic citizens of this country. The capitol building, that embodiment of national majesty, the Washington monument, with its lofty reach heavenward, the White House, with its deeply interesting associations, the several department buildings in their massive stateliness, the Smithsonian Institute, the Soldier's Home, the broad avenues and beautiful parks,—it does not take long to view these, outwardly at least; and the viewing of them for the first time, by one who recalls what these public buildings stand for and the scenes which they have witnessed, is attended with emotion not easily described.

New York is about six hours' ride from Washington, and the road runs through a very interesting stretch of country, touching at Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia. This is one of the finest sections of railroad in the world, the speed of the trains often reaching over sixty miles an hour.—*Northwestern Congregationalist*.

Davy Crockett.

Like Daniel Boone, this character, so closely identified with Southern history, was a splendid type of the noble backwoodsman. His prototypes, if there are any, are rare to-day. Chivalrous as a knight, brave as a lion, gentle as a woman, he was a perfect man, although he had none of the polish caused nowadays by friction with what is called polite society. Davy Crockett is a creature of American history, and carved a niche for himself that can be occupied by none other. He was sharp and shrewd in his way, and his favorite expression was, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." The phrase is simple, but telling, and all should keep it in mind. Always be sure you are right; and you cannot be otherwise when you take the Saint Paul & Duluth, which is the short line between St. and Minneapolis and the cities at the head of the big lake. Quick time is made over the people's route—the Duluth Short Line—to Duluth, West Superior and Stillwater, and at the five terminals close connections are made for points beyond. Information cheerfully furnished by Geo. W. Bull, general passenger agent, or G. C. Gillilan, assistant general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

The Woman of the Future.

In a certain class of publications, and from a certain class of writers, we hear a great deal about "The Woman of the Future." What do we really care about it? As Sir Boyle Roache said in one of his speeches: "What has posterity done for us that we should do anything for posterity?" The woman of the present is the one that interests us, and in fact is more than average men can manage, to say nothing of some future female. The woman of the present has pretty clear ideas of her own about most things, and one of them is that when she travels she always selects "The Burlington" Vestibuled Line for Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, south or west. Tickets, time-tables, and full information as to rates and routes can be obtained of any ticket agent of "The Burlington," or by addressing W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. & N. E. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

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most Comfortable.
Our Salesmen are every-
where.

BUGGIES

FINANCIAL.

NORTHERN PACIFIC'S STATEMENT.

The following official statement of the Northern
Pacific for the fiscal year ended June 30, is to be sub-
mitted to the annual stockholders meeting this month:

| | 1890. | 1889. | Increase. |
|----------------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Earnings..... | \$22,610,502 | \$19,707,467 | \$2,903,035 |
| Expenses..... | 13,069,136 | 11,863,541 | 1,205,595 |
| Net..... | \$9,541,366 | \$7,843,926 | \$1,697,440 |
| Other income..... | 1,070,818 | 532,325 | 538,493 |
| Charges..... | \$10,592,184 | \$8,376,251 | \$2,215,933 |
| Balance..... | \$8,532,293 | 7,894,774 | 637,519 |
| Dividends, 3 per cent... | \$2,069,891 | \$481,477 | \$1,578,414 |
| Surplus..... | 1,112,732 | | |
| Div. Oct. 15, 1 per cent.. | \$947,159 | | |
| Land sales (acres)..... | 369,000 | | |
| Surplus..... | \$578,159 | | |
| Land sales (acres)..... | 278,322 | 573,214 | *294,892 |

* Decrease.

Divided, the earnings for the year were:

| | 1890. | 1889. | Increase. |
|--------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Freight..... | \$15,600,330 | \$12,877,838 | \$2,722,492 |
| Passenger..... | 6,167,702 | 5,834,163 | 333,539 |
| Mail..... | 451,781 | 443,638 | 8,143 |
| Express..... | 380,822 | 286,170 | 94,652 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 50,878 | 263,659 | *203,781 |
| Total..... | \$22,610,503 | \$19,707,468 | \$2,903,035 |
| Mileage..... | 3,613 | 3,405 | 208 |

* Decrease.

The total interest-bearing funded debt is \$105,538,-
778, and bonds purchased for sinking funds \$3,069,000.

PRICES OF LEADING NORTHWESTERN STOCKS.

Messrs. Gold, Barbour & Corning, 18 Wall Street,
New York, report the following closing quotations of
miscellaneous securities September 24:

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|--|---------|---------|
| Northern Pacific, common..... | 80 1/4 | 80 3/4 |
| " " preferred..... | 75 1/4 | 76 |
| " " 1st Mortgage Bonds..... | 115 1/2 | 117 |
| " " 2d "..... | 113 | 114 |
| " " 3d "..... | 109 1/4 | 110 |
| " " Missouri Div. "..... | 102 | — |
| " " P. d' Oreille "..... | 102 | — |
| St. Paul & Duluth, common..... | 32 1/2 | 35 |
| " " preferred..... | 90 | 95 |
| " " 1st bonds..... | 112 | — |
| Oregon & Transcontinental..... | 38 1/4 | 38 3/4 |
| " " 8's 1892..... | 107 | 107 1/2 |
| Oregon Railway & Navigation..... | 97 1/4 | 100 |
| " " 1st bonds..... | 109 | 109 1/4 |
| " " Cons Mts 5's..... | — | 100 |
| St. Paul & Northern Pacific 1st's..... | — | 121 |
| Northern Pacific Terminals..... | 108 | 109 |
| Oregon Improvement Co..... | 42 1/2 | 44 |
| " " 1st bonds..... | 103 1/4 | 104 |
| James River Valley 1st's..... | 104 | — |
| Spokane & Palouse 1st's..... | 108 | — |
| Chicago, St. P., Mpls & Omaha, com.. | 29 1/2 | 30 1/4 |
| do preferred..... | 89 | 92 |
| Chicago & Northwestern, common..... | 108 1/4 | 108 3/4 |
| do preferred..... | 140 | 141 |
| Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, com.. | 65 1/2 | 66 |
| do preferred..... | 115 | 115 1/4 |
| Milwaukee, Lake S. & Western, com.. | 90 | 95 |
| do preferred..... | 108 | 111 1/4 |
| Minneapolis & St. Louis, common..... | 5 1/4 | 7 |
| do preferred..... | 13 | 17 |
| St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba..... | 107 | 109 |

NORTHERN PACIFIC EARNINGS.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET, }
NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1890.

The approximate gross earnings of the Northern
Pacific Railroad Company, including Wisconsin Cen-
tral Line, for month of August, were as follows:

| | 1889. | 1890. | Increase. |
|-----------------------|--------------|----------------|-------------|
| Miles: Main Line..... | 4,288.00 | 4,917.00 | 629.00 |
| and Branches..... | 2,541,002.00 | \$2,596,455.00 | \$55,453.00 |

GEO. S. BAXTER, Treasurer.

Bad for the Building.

A stranger arrived in a Western Kansas town one day
last week and inquired of the owner of a vacant store
what the rent would be per month. "For what purpose?"
was asked. "To open a private bank," "Can't have it at
any price, sir," said the owner. "I have rented it to
three different parties for that business, and in every in-
stance, after the depositors had run 'em down and
brought 'em back to be lynched, a crowd attacked the
building and damaged it five hundred dollars' worth. My
advice to you, sir, is to drop the private banking business
and open a butcher-shop."—Wall Street News.

Big Greenbacks.

The largest greenback extant is worth \$10,000 and there
is only one such note in existence. Of the \$5,000 notes
there are seven, and when you come down to the \$1,000
notes there are bushels of them.

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Look at the following evidences of its growth: **Population in 1880, 720. Population (Census, 1890) 40,165.**

| | | | |
|--|--------------|---|---------------------|
| Assessed value of property in 1880 | \$517,927 | Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887 | \$250,000 |
| Assessed value of property in 1888 | \$5,000,000 | Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888 | \$506,000 |
| Assessed value of property in 1889 | \$20,000,000 | Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889 | \$750,000 |
| Real Estate Transfers for 1885 | \$667,000 | Coal shipped in 1882 | (Tons) 56,300 |
| Real Estate Transfers for 1888 | \$8,855,598 | Coal shipped in 1889 | (Tons) 180,940 |
| Real Estate Transfers for 1889 | \$15,000,000 | Crop of Hops in 1881 | (Bales) 6,098 |
| Banks in 1880 | 1 | Crop of Hops in 1889 | (Bales) 40,000 |
| Banks Jan. 1st, 1890 | 10 | Lumber exported in 1889 | (Feet) 107,326,280 |
| Bank Clearances for 1889 | \$25,000,000 | Wheat shipped in 1889 | (Bushels) 1,457,478 |
| Wholesale business for 1889 | \$9,000,000 | Private Schools in 1889 | 4 |
| Value of manufacturing products for 1889 | \$6,000,000 | Public Schools in 1880 | 5 |
| Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887 | \$1,000,000 | Public Schools in 1889 | 9 |
| Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888 | \$2,148,572 | Value of Public School Property, 1889 | \$264,480 |
| Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889 | \$5,831,195 | Value of Private School Property, 1889 | 250,000 |
| Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887 | \$90,000 | Regular Steamers in 1880 | 6 |
| Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888 | \$263,200 | Regular Steamers in 1889 | 67 |
| Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889, over | \$700,000 | | |

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[No. 1649.]

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REFERENCES: { First National Bank, Helena.
 Northwest Magazine, St. Paul.
 F. A. Wilcox, 69 Wall St., New York.

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Population of Seattle in 1880, 3,533; in May, 1888 (census), 19,116; in February, 1889 (census), 28,715, and on June 1st, 1890, United States census, 43,914. Come and investigate or send for printed matter to

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Recognizing the superiority of its harbor, as well as its nearness to the open sea, and its matchless resources in coal, iron, timber and agriculture, the Great Northern Railway has firmly planted its western terminus at Fairhaven.

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad (which has been rapidly extended east, north and south to transcontinental connections), has been purchased, together with vast terminal, shipping and other railway facilities, by the Great Northern. All these extensions are still being pushed with the characteristic vigor of the latter company. Lines connecting with the Canadian Pacific on the north and with the Northern, Union and Southern Pacific on the south will be completed this season, while the great main transcontinental line will center all the mammoth interests of its 'round-the-world' traffic at Fairhaven in the Fall of 1891. Meanwhile,

FAIRHAVEN is destined to be a great Manufacturing and Commercial center,
Because it has:

The finest Harbor on the Pacific Coast; The greatest area of adjacent Agricultural Land;

The most magnificent forests of Timber in the World; The finest natural Townsite and Water Front;

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Quarries of blue Sandstone for building purposes; Lime in immense quantities.

Fairhaven, only one year old, has miles of modern streets lined with substantial structures, some costing over \$100,000 each; the best system of arc and incandescent electric light in operation and gas lighting and electric street car lines in process; a \$100,000 system of water works already completed; great lumber mills running; iron and steel works under way, and is expending over \$200,000 on docks and terminal facilities at which thirty-five ocean and coastwise steamers already regularly land. Offers the same opportunity for investors that Tacoma presented a few years ago, by which scores of people have made their hundreds of thousands out of the investment of a few hundred dollars. Further information, personal or by mail, free at the office of

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MINNEAPOLIS

was made the largest milling center in the world by her water-power and here is a waterfall five times greater which can be used the year round, for the Spokane River never freezes. There is no more promising city in the United States to-day than this young, prosperous place. Investments in real estate here are now paying, and will continue to pay 100 per cent. profit annually, for at least two years to come. My long residence in the city of

ST. PAUL

has enabled me to gain information regarding the prospective growth of different localities, as to where the most profitable investments can be made, having noted the increase in values in that city since 1890. I have a large list of business, residence and acre property and will furnish maps and printed information regarding this city to all who may be interested. Investors can net eight per cent. on first class loans placed on brick and stone business blocks in this city. Correspondence solicited.

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Large Reduction Works will be erected at Monarch late in the Fall, and it is destined to be the greatest distributing and reduction point in Montana.

Lots in the city of Monarch have just been placed on the market and early investors will reap the reward of the largest profits, as the future of Monarch is assured and property will enhance in value quicker and greater than in any other city West.

For maps, plats and full particulars addr

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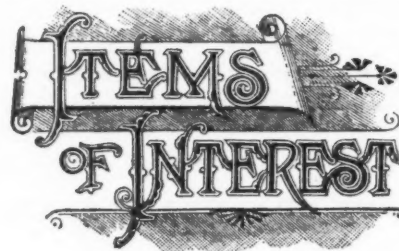
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Gray's Harbor is the best natural harbor on the Pacific Coast between Puget Sound and the Bay of San Francisco. There is twenty-six feet of water on the bar at high tide. The entrance is so direct and open that vessels can sail in without a tug or a pilot. With a comparatively small expenditure on the part of the Government a depth of thirty feet can be obtained. An important ocean commerce in lumber now goes out of the Harbor. The new town is situated on the deep water of the Harbor, where there is a broad channel out to the entrance unobstructed by inner bars. It occupies the only natural site for a large commercial town on the entire expanse of the Harbor. A railroad will be built this season to Centralia on the Northern Pacific's main line. The saving in distance for coal and lumber bound to California ports and on wheat bound to European ports will be about 700 miles in favor of cargoes shipped from Gray's Harbor over cargoes shipped from Puget Sound.

Attention is called to map, illustrations and articles on the Gray's Harbor Country in this publication. For further information address

The Gray's Harbor Company,
Gray's Harbor, Washington.



Tokay town is burned down, but there will be plenty of Tokay wine all the same. It is like Lehigh coal, of which a witty Philadelphian once said, that 4,000,000 tons were mined and 18,000,000 tons sold every year.

One day last month a passenger on the Tacoma street car line offered five copper cents for his fare. The conductor refused to accept the tender and ejected the passenger. Now the company is called on to stand suit for \$2,000 damages.

What won't a boy think of? A Portland youth tied a string to a tin can, poked the string down through the slot in the cable line, and away went the can, going bang, likely split, down the street, going just as fast as the cable and frightening every man and beast.

CANADIAN SETTLERS—According to the returns of the Dominion Immigration Department, 811,210 immigrants settled in Canada between 1881 and 1889, yet the year-book just issued by the Federal Government claims an increase of only 730,046 in the Dominion's population since 1881. Allowing for natural increase, these figures indicate a very large exodus to the United States.

A clever swindler has been doing Florida. He guarantees to rid cotton fields of caterpillars, and on receiving his fee—usually \$5—he goes from stalk to stalk hunting for the "king caterpillar." Presently finding a big fat fellow he hangs him by a string to a tree. He then tells the credulous farmer that the strung-up insect will die at sunset and that then all the other caterpillars will leave the place.

A curious anæsthetic used by the Chinese has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding it. Under these circumstances it excretes a liquid which forms a paste with the flour. This paste, dissolved in water, has well marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.

Sometimes a patent is worth something. Five years ago a poor inventor of Rochester, New York, was hawking about among lamp makers a new patent burner, without success. He was pooh-poohed and discouraged. Finally a Mr. C. S. Upson, who had a good nose for a trade, took it in hand, and now the royalties paid on the lamps made under the patent aggregate a fortune yearly. Over two millions of "Rochester" lamps have been sold, and the proprietor has in New York the largest lamp store in the world, with branches in Paris and Chicago.

Clare Coegin, of Cocoa, Florida, had a novel adventure with bees recently. Approaching a hive on Colonel Travis' place, from which a swarm was issuing, the bees settled on his head as their lodging place, and in a minute's time had covered his head, monopolizing his mouth, eyes, nose, ears, and face. Without offering to fight them off he was advised to make for the river, which he did in good, quick time, waded up to his armpits, then settled down until his hat floated off. The bees all left him and he walked out liberated from his strange companions. The curious part of the matter is not a bee stung him or attempted to do so.

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"And so you will be seven next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady."

"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than you are, for you have been twenty-three ever since I can remember.—Chatter.

ONE TAKEN, ONE LEFT.

She had two lovers, both of whom were smokers, But after all her mind she firmly sets; She took, in fine, the man who smoked the hams And left the one who smoked the cigarettes.

WASTED SWEETNESS.

"You see that girl over there," she began, when the other answered: "Yes, she lives opposite us. She's deaf and dumb, poor thing."

"The idea. And there I sat behind her in the street car for four blocks and made remarks about that dowdy hat she has on, all for nothing."

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

"Eva," he said softly, as they strolled through the park, "let me call you Eve. It will make this place seem more like the garden of Eden."

"Certainly, George," replied the bewitching maid, "but I can't call you Adam. You—you are not my first man, you know. Not by several, George."

DIDN'T WANT TO GO."

Revivalist (to old Kaintuck)—"Don't you want to go to heaven, my dear friend?"

"No, sah."

"What! Don't you want to go to heaven? Tell me why."

"Cause a feller'd hev ter die 'fore he could go, an', by gosh, I don't want to die."—N. Y. Herald.

WHOOPIING UP THE FAIR.

"Mr. Seeds," inquired the president of the Agricultural Fair, "has the editor of the Jayville Banner published the notices you have sent him from time to time about our next exhibition?"

"Yes sir," answered the secretary.

"Did he print that column and a half about the improvements in the race track and the poultry pens?"

"He did, and called attention to it in a double headed editorial."

"Then send him a complimentary ticket, not transferable, good for one person, and tell him to keep on whooping things up lively."

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

In a small town not very far from Cincinnati I heard the following brief but pregnant conversation:

Mrs. A. was doubled up over the weeds in her little garden, while Mrs. B. was on her way to "the store" for for lard.

"Hearn as your Lib was hum from school," said Mrs. B.

"Yaas, she be," answered Mrs. A.

"Seem to know anythin'?"

Mrs. A. rose slowly, pushed back her flapping bonnet, and then replied, her eyes fairly sparkling with maternal pride:

"Know anythin'? Why, you can jist snap any of them new-fangled words at that girl, and quick as a wink she can tell you whether it's a little green spot on your liver or—a book."—Kate Field's Washington.

WASTED PITY.

A traveler in a back woods community, attracted by a noise in a cabin not far from the roadside, stopped and, addressing a boy that sat on a fence, said:

"You live about here, I suppose?"

"Yep, just about."

"Well, can you tell me what makes that peculiar noise up yonder in that cabin?"

"Yep, it's pap an' mam."

"What are they doing—beating a carpet?"

"Nop, beatin' one 'nuther."

"You don't say so!"

"Who said I didn't?"

"I mean it is possible?"

"That's what it is."

"What are they beating each other for?"

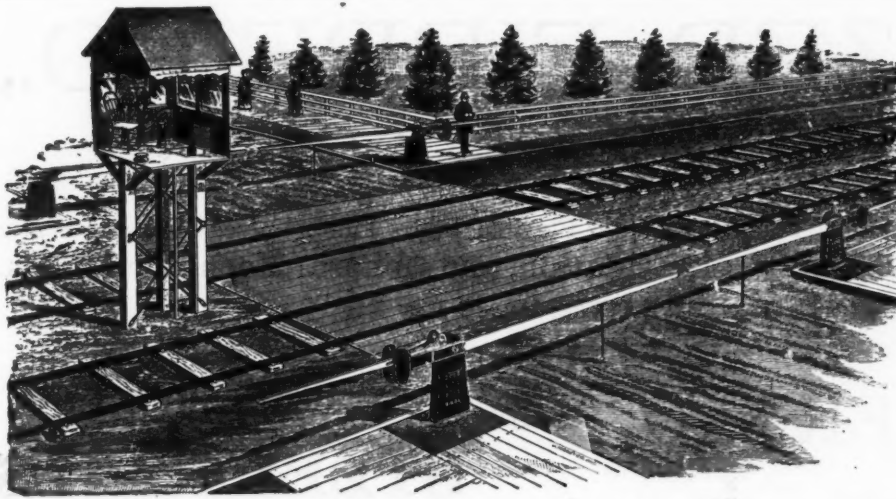
"Cause they're fightin'."

"Is it possible that you sit here so complacently and see your father beat your mother?"

"I don't see him a-beatin' her."

"Yes, but you know that he is."

"I know he's tryin' to. If you're here to pity mam, mister, you'd better ride on. Mam's the boss up thar, I'll tel' you that. Hol' on, did you hear that thump! Wall, that wuz dad a-comin' down on the punchin' flo'. Mam hits him, but she lets him drap himself. Reckon you'd better go on, or stay an' pity pap awhile."



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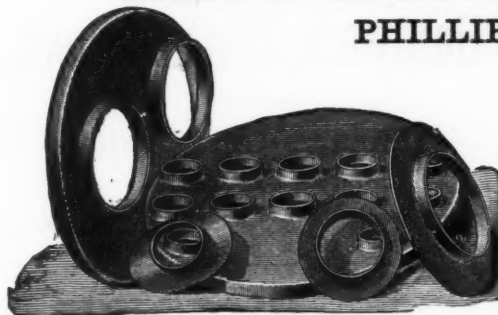
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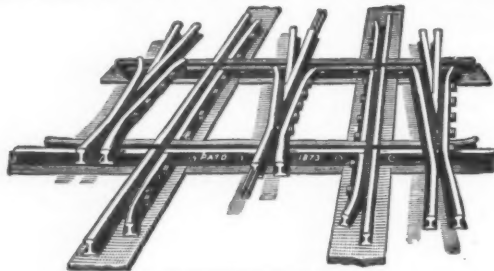
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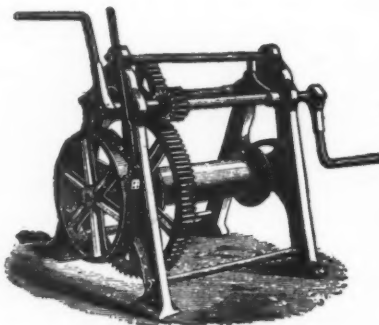
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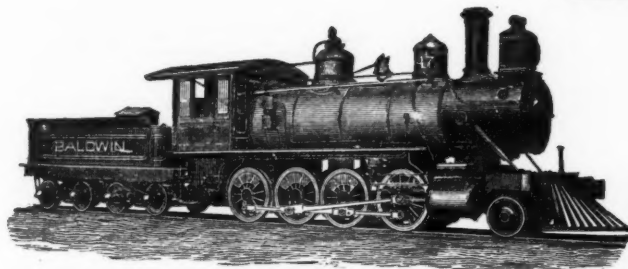
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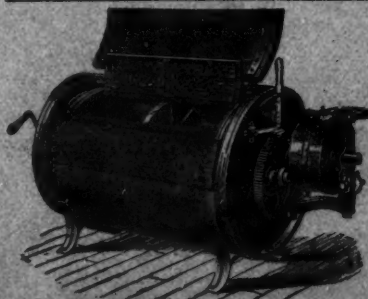
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